THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

PART the FIRST.

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NEW BATH GUIDE:

OR,

MEMOIRS of the B—R—D FAMILY.

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POETICAL EPISTLES.

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In a SERIES of

POETICAL EPISTLES.

Nullus in orbe locus Baïis prælucet amœnis. HOR.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXVI.

THE

To the READER.

I Here present you with a Collection of Letters, written by a Family during their Residence at BATH. The Sight of them, from a Rom[illegible] Lady, addreſſed to Her Friend in the Country, will bring you acquainted with the moſt Trouble of reading a dull introductory

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

To the READER.

I Here preſent you with a Collection of Letters, written by a Family during their Reſidence at BATH. The firſt of them, from a Romantic young Lady, addreſſed to her Friend in the Country, will bring you acquainted with the reſt of the Characters, and ſave you the Trouble of reading a dull introductory Preface from

Your humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

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LETTER I.

CONTAINING

A View from the Parades at BATH, *with ſome Account of the* DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SWEET are yon Hills, that crown this fertile Vale!
Ye genial Springs! PIERIAN Waters, hail!

Hail Woods and Lawns! Yes—oft I'll tread
Yon' Pine-clad Mountain's Side,
Oft trace the gay enamel'd Mead,
Where AVON rolls his Pride.

Sure, next to fair CASTALIA's Streams
And PINDUS' flow'ry Path,
APOLLO moſt the Springs eſteems
And verdant Meads of *Bath*.

The Muſes haunt theſe hallow'd Groves,
And here their Vigils keep,
Here teach fond Swains their hapleſs Loves
In gentle Strains to weep.

From Water ſprung, like Flowers from Dew,
What Troops of Bards appear!
The God of Verſe, and Phyſic too,
Inſpires them twice a Year.

Take then, my Friend, the ſprightly Rhyme,
While you inglorious waſte your Prime,
At Home in cruel Durance pent,
On dull domeſtic Cares intent,
Forbid, by Parent's harſh Decree,
To ſhare the Joys of *Bath* with me.
Ill-judging Parent! blind to Merit,
Thus to confine a Nymph of Spirit!
With all thy Talents doom'd to fade
And wither in th' unconſcious Shade!
I vow, my Dear, it moves my Spleen,
Such frequent Inſtances I've ſeen

Of Fathers, cruel and unkind,
To all paternal Duty blind.
What Wretches do we meet with often,
Whoſe Hearts no Tenderneſs can ſoften!
Sure all good Authors ſhould expoſe
Such Parents, both in Verſe and Proſe,
And Nymphs inſpire with Reſolution
Ne'er to ſubmit to Perſecution.
This wholeſome Satire much enhances
The Merit of our beſt Romances,
And modern Plays, that I could mention,
With Judgment fraught, and rare Invention,
Are written with the ſame Intention.
But, thank my Stars! that worthy Pair
Who undertook a Guardian's Care,
My Spirit never have confin'd;
(An Inſtance of their gen'rous Mind)
For Lady B—N—R—D, my Aunt,
Herſelf propos'd this charming Jaunt,
All from Redundancy of Care
For SIM, her fav'rite Son and Heir;

To Him the joyous Hours I owe
That *Bath*'s enchanting Scenes beſtow;
Thanks to her Book of choice Receipts,
That pamper'd him with ſav'ry Meats;
Nor leſs that Day deſerves a Bleſſing
She cramm'd his Siſter to Exceſs in:
For now ſhe ſends both Son and Daughter
For Crudities to drink the Water.
And here they are, all Bile and Spleen,
The ſtrangeſt Fiſh that e'er were ſeen;
With TABBY RUNT, their Maid, poor Creature,
The queereſt Animal in Nature:
I'm certain none of HOGARTH's Sketches
E'er form'd a Set of ſtranger Wretches.
I own, my Dear, it hurts my Pride,
To ſee them blund'ring by my Side;
My Spirits flag, my Life and Fire
Is mortify'd *au Deſeſpoir*,
When SIM, unfaſhionable Ninny,
In public calls me *Couſin Jenny*;

And

And yet, to give the Wight his Due,
He has ſome Share of Humour too,
A comic Vein of pedant Learning
His Converſation you'll diſcern in,
The oddeſt Compound you can ſee
Of Shrewdneſs and Simplicity,
With nat'ral Strokes of aukward Wit,
That oft, like PARTHIAN Arrows hit;
For when he ſeems to dread the Foe,
He always ſtrikes the hardeſt Blow;
And when you'd think he means to flatter,
His Panegyrics turn to Satire:
But then no Creature you can find
Knows half ſo little of Mankind,
Seems always blund'ring in the dark,
And always making ſome Remark;
Remarks, that ſo provoke one's Laughter,
One can't imagine what he's after:
And ſure you'll thank me for exciting
In SIM a wond'rous Itch for Writing;

With

With all his ſerious Grimace
To give Deſcriptions of the Place.
No Doubt his Mother will produce
His Poetry for gen'ral Uſe,
And if his Bluntneſs does not fright you,
His Obſervations muſt delight you;
For truly the good Creature's Mind
Is honeſt, generous, and kind:
If unprovok'd, will ne'er diſpleaſe ye,
Or ever make one Soul uneaſy.—
I'll try to make his Siſter PRUE
Take a ſmall Trip to *Pindus* too.

And Me the Nine ſhall all inſpire
To tune for thee the warbling Lyre;
For Thee, the Muſe ſhall ev'ry Day
Speed, by the Poſt, her rapid Way.
For Thee, my Friend, I'll oft explore
Deep Treaſures of Romantic Lore,
Nor wonder, if I Gods create,
As all good Bards have done of late;

'Twill

'Twill make my Verſe run ſmooth and even,
To call new Deities from Heaven:
Come then, thou Goddeſs I adore!
But ſoft—my Chairman's at the Door,
The Ball's begun—my Friend, no more.

J——W—D—R.

BATH, 1766.

Mr. SIMKIN B—N—R—D, *to Lady* B—N—R—D, *at* ——— *Hall, North.*

LETTER II.

Mr. B—N—R—D's *Reflections on his Arrival at* Bath.—*The Caſe of himſelf and Company.—The Acquaintance He commences*, &c. &c.

WE all are a wonderful Diſtance from Home!
Two Hundred and Sixty long Miles are we come!
And ſure you'll rejoice, my dear Mother, to hear,
We are ſafely arriv'd at the Sign of the Bear.

'Tis a plaguy long Way!—but I ne'er can repine,
As my Stomach is weak, and my Spirits decline:
For the People ſay here,—be whatever your Caſe,
You are ſure to get well, if you come to this Place.—
Miſs JENNY made Fun, as ſhe always is wont,
Of PRUDENCE my Siſter, and TABITHA RUNT:

And

And every Moment ſhe heard me complain,
Declar'd I was vapour'd, and laugh'd at my Pain.
What, tho' at *Devizes* I fed pretty hearty,
And made a good Meal, like the reſt of the Party,
When I came here to *Bath*, not a Bit could I eat,
Tho' the Man at the Bear had provided a Treat:
And ſo I went quite out of Spirits to Bed,
With Wind in my Stomach, and Noiſe in my Head.
As we all came for Health, (as a Body may ſay)
I ſent for the Doctor the very next Day,
And the Doctor was pleas'd, tho' ſo ſhort was the warning,
To come to our Lodgings betimes in the Morning;
He look'd very thoughtful and grave, to be ſure,
And I ſaid to myſelf,—There's no Hopes of a Cure!
But I thought I ſhould faint, when I ſaw him, dear Mother,
Feel my Pulſe with one Hand, with a Watch in the other;
No Token of Death that is heard in the Night
Could ever have put me ſo much in a Fright;
Thinks I—'tis all over—my Sentence is paſt,
And now he is counting how long I may laſt.—

Then He look'd at ——— and His Face grew ſo long,
I'm ſure he thought ſomething within me was wrong.—
He determined our Caſes at length (G–d preſerve us)
I'm Bilious, I find, and the Women are Nervous;
Their Syſtems relax'd, and all turn'd topſy-turvy,
With Hypochondriacs, Obſtructions, and Scurvy!
And theſe are Diſtempers He muſt know the whole on
For he talk'd of the Peritoneum and Colon,
Of Phlegmatic Humours oppreſſing the Women,
From fœculent Matter that ſwells the Abdomen;
But the Noiſe I have heard in my Bowels like Thunder,
Is a Flatus, I find, in my left Hypochonder.
So Plenty of Med'cines each Day does he ſend
Poſt ſingulas Liquidas ſedes ſumend'
Ad Crepitus Veſper: & Man. promovend'
In Engliſh to ſay, we muſt ſwallow a Potion
For driving out Wind after every Motion;
The ſame to continue for three Weeks at leaſt,
Before we may venture the Waters to taſte,
Five Times have I purg'd,—yet I'm ſorry to tell ye
I find the ſame Gnawing and Wind in my Belly;

But,

But, without any Doubt, I ſhall find myſelf ſtronger,
When I've took the ſame Phyſic a Week or two longer.
He gives little TABBY a great many Doſes,
For he ſays the poor Creature has got the *Chloroſis*,
Or a ravenous *Pica*, ſo brought on the Vapours
By ſwallowing Stuff ſhe has read in the Papers;
And often I've marvell'd ſhe ſpent ſo much Money
In *Water-Dock Eſſence*, and *Balſam of Honey*;
Such Tinctures, Elixirs, ſuch Pills have I ſeen,
I never could wonder her Face was ſo green.
Yet He thinks he can very ſoon ſet her to right
With *Teſtic: Equin:* that ſhe takes ev'ry Night;
And when to her Spirits and Strength he has brought her,
He thinks ſhe may venture to bathe in the Water.
But PRUDENCE is forc'd ev'ry Day to ride out,
For he ſays ſhe wants thoroughly jumbling about.
Now it happens in this very Houſe is a Lodger,
Whoſe Name's NICODEMUS, but ſome call him ROGER;
And ROGER's ſo good as my Siſter to bump
On a Pillion, as ſoon as ſhe comes from the Pump;

He's a pious good Man, and an excellent Scholar;
And I think it is certain no Harm can befall her;
For ROGER is conſtantly ſaying his Pray'rs,
Or ſinging ſome ſpiritual Hymn on the Stairs.
But my Couſin Miſs JENNY's as freſh as a Roſe,
And the Captain attends her wherever ſhe goes:
The Captain's a *worthy good Sort of a Man*,
For he calls in upon us whenever he can,
And often a Dinner or Supper he takes here,
And JENNY and he talk of MILTON and SHAKESPEAR;
For the Life of me now I can't think of his Name,
But we all got acquainted as ſoon as we came.

Don't wonder, dear Mother, in Verſe I have writ,
For JENNY declares I've a good pretty Wit;
She ſays that ſhe frequently ſends a few Verſes
To Friends and Acquaintance, and often rehearſes;
Declares 'tis the Faſhion, and all the World knows
There's nothing ſo filthy, ſo vulgar as Proſe.
And I hope, as I write without any Connection,
I ſhall make a great Figure in DODSLEY's Collection;

At leaſt, when he chuſes his Book to encreaſe,
I may take a ſmall Flight, as a *fugitive Piece*.—
But now, my dear Mother, I'm quite at a Stand,
So I reſt your moſt dutiful Son to command.

BATH, 1766. *SIM. B—N—R—D.*

Miſs JENNY W—D—R *to Lady* ELIZ. M—D—SS *at —— Caſtle, North.*

LETTER III.

CONTAINING

The BIRTH *of* FASHION, *a Specimen of a Modern Ode.*

SURE there are Charms by Heav'n aſſign'd
To modiſh Life alone;
A Grace, an Air, a Taſte refin'd,
To vulgar Souls unknown.

Nature, my Friend, profuſe in vain,
May ev'ry Gift impart;
If unimprov'd, they ne'er can gain
An Empire o'er the Heart.

Dreſs

Dreſs be our Care, in this gay Scene
Of Pleaſure's bleſt Abode,
Enchanting Dreſs! if well I ween,
Fit Subject for an Ode.

Come then, Nymph of various Mien,
Vot'ry true of Beauty's Queen,
Whom the Young and Aged adore,
And thy diff'rent Arts explore,
FASHION, come,—On me a-while
Deign fantaſtic Nymph to ſmile.
MORIA † Thee, in Times of Yore,
To the Motley PROTEUS bore;
He, in Biſhop's Robes array'd,
Went one Night to Maſquerade,
Where thy ſimple Mother ſtray'd.
She was clad like harmleſs Quaker,
And was pleas'd my Lord ſhould take her
By the Waiſt, and kindly ſhake her;
And, with Look demure, ſaid ſhe,
" Pray, my Lord,—*do you know me?*"

† The Goddeſs of FOLLY.

He

He, with ſoothing flatt'ring Arts,
Such as win all female Hearts,
Much extoll'd her Wit and Beauty,
And declar'd it was his Duty,
As ſhe was a Maid of Honour,
To confer his Bleſſing on her.
There, mid Dreſs of various Hue,
Crimſon, yellow, green and blue,
All on Furbelows and Laces,
Slipt into her chaſte Embraces;
Then, like ſainted Rogue, cry'd He,
" Little Quaker,—*you know me*."

Fill'd with Thee ſhe went to *France*,
Land renown'd for Complaiſance,
Vers'd in Science debonnair;
Bowing, Dancing, Dreſſing Hair;
There ſhe choſe her Habitation,
Fix'd thy Place of Education.
Nymph, at thy auſpicious Birth
Hebe ſtrew'd with Flow'rs the Earth;

Thee to welcome all the Graces,
Deck'd in Ruffles, deck'd in Laces,
With the God of Love attended,
And the CYPRIAN Queen defcended.
Now you trip it o'er the Globe,
Clad in party-colour'd Robe,
And, with all thy Mother's Senfe,
Virtues of your Sire difpenfe.

Goddefs, if from Hand like mine,
Ought be worthy of thy Shrine,
Take the flow'ry Wreath I twine.
Lead, oh! lead me by the Hand,
Guide me with thy Magic Wand,
Whether thou in Lace and Ribbons
Choofe the Form of Mrs. GIBBONS,
Or the Nymph of fmiling Look,
At *Bath* yclept JANETTA COOK.
Bring, O bring thy Eſſence Pot,
Amber, Muſk, and Bergamot,

Eau de Chipre, Eau de Boice,
Sans Pareil, and Citron Juice,
Nor the Band-box leave behind,
Fill'd with Stores of ev'ry Kind:
All th' enraptur'd Bard supposes,
Who to FANCY Odes composes;
All that FANCY's self has feign'd
In a Band-Box is contain'd:
Painted Lawns, and chequer'd Shades,
Crape, that's worn by love-lorn Maids,
Water'd Tabbies, flow'r'd Brocades;
Vi'lets, Pinks, Italian Posies,
Myrtles, Jessamin and Roses,
Aprons, Caps, and 'Kerchiefs clean,
Straw built Hats, and Bonnets green,
Catgut, Gauzes, Tippets, Ruffs,
Fans and Hoods, and feather'd Muffs,
Stomachers, and Parisnets,
Ear-Rings, Necklaces, Aigrets,
Fringes, Blonds, and Mignionets;

Fine Vermillion for the Cheek,
Velvet Patches *à la Grecque*,
Come, but don't forget the Gloves,
Which, with all the ſmiling Loves,
VENUS caught young CUPID picking
From the tender Breaſt of Chicken;
Little Chicken, worthier far,
Than the Birds of JUNO's Car,
Soft as CYTHEREA's Dove,
Let thy Skin my Skin improve;
Thou by Night ſhalt grace my Arm,
And by Day ſhalt teach to charm.

Then, O ſweet Goddeſs, bring with Thee
Thy boon Attendant Gaiety,
Laughter, Freedom, Mirth, and Eaſe,
And all the ſmiling Deities;
Fancy, ſpreading painted Sails,
Loves that fan with gentle Gales.——

But hark —— methinks I hear a Voice,
My Organs all at once rejoice;
A Voice, that *says*, or *seems to say*,
" Sister, haften, Sister gay,
" Come to the Pump-Room — come away.

BATH, 1766. *J—— W— D—R.*

Mr. SIMKIN at —— Hall, North.

LETTER IV.

A CONSULTATION *of* PHYSICIANS.

DEAR Mother, my Time has been wretchedly ſpent
With a Gripe or a Hickup wherever I went,
My Stomach all ſwell'd, till I thought it would burſt,
Sure never poor Mortal with Wind was ſo curſt!
If ever I ate a good Supper at Night,
I dream'd of the Devil, and wak'd in a Fright;
And ſo as I grew ev'ry Day worſe and worſe,
The Doctor adviſ'd me to ſend for a Nurſe;
And the Nurſe was ſo willing my Health to reſtore,
She beg'd me to ſend for a few Doctors more;

For

For when any difficult Work's to be done,
Many Heads can diſpatch it much ſooner than one;
And I find there are Doctors enough in this Place,
If you want to conſult in a dangerous Caſe.
So they met all together, and thus began talking:
"Good Doctor, I'm yours—'tis a fine Day for walking—
" Sad News in the Papers—G–d knows who's to blame—
" The Colonies ſeem to be all in a Flame—
" This *Stamp-Act*, no doubt, might be good for the Crown,
" But I fear 'tis a Pill that will never go down—
" What can *Portugal* mean?—is *She* going to ſtir up
" Convulſions and Heats in the Bowels of *Europe*?
" 'Twill be fatal if *England* relapſes again,
" From the ill Blood and Humours of *Bourbon* and *Spain*."
Says I, my good Doctors, I can't underſtand
Why the Deuce ye take ſo many Patients in Hand;
Ye've a great deal of Practice, as far as I find,
But ſince ye're come hither, do pray be ſo kind
To write me down ſomething that's good for the Wind.
No Doubt ye are all of ye great Politicians,
But at preſent *my Bowels* have need of Phyſicians.

Conſider my Caſe in the Light it deſerves,
And pity the State of my Stomach and Nerves.——
But a tight little Doctor began a Diſpute
About Adminiſtrations, NEWCASTLE and BUTE,
Talk'd much of Oeconomy, much of Profuſeneſs,——
Says another——"This Caſe, which at firſt was a Looſeneſs,
" Is become a *Tenesmus*, and all we can do
" Is to give him a gentle Cathartic or two;
" Firſt get off the Phlegm that adheres to the *Plica*,
" Then throw in a Med'cine that's pretty and ſpicy;——
" A *Peppermint* Draught,——or a——Come, let's be gone,
" We've another bad Caſe to conſider at One."

So thus they bruſh'd off, each his Cane at his Noſe,
When JENNY came in, who had heard all their Proſe;
I'll teach them, ſays ſhe, at their next Conſultation,
To come and take Fees for the Good of the Nation.
I could not conceive what a Devil ſhe meant,
But ſhe ſeiz'd all the Stuff that the Doctor had ſent,
And out of the Window ſhe flung it down ſouſe,
As the firſt Politician went out of the Houſe.

Decoctions and Syrups around him all flew,
The Pill, Bolus, Julep, and Apozem too;
His Wig had the Luck a Cathartic to meet,
And ſquaſh went the Gallipot under his Feet.
She ſaid 'twas a Shame I ſhould ſwallow ſuch Stuff
When my Bowels were weak, and the Phyſic ſo rough;
Declar'd ſhe was ſhock'd that ſo many ſhould come
To be Doctor'd to Death ſuch a diſtance from home,
At a Place where they tell you that Water alone
Can cure all Diſtempers that ever were known.
But what is the pleaſanteſt Part of the Story,
She has order'd for Dinner a Piper and Dory;
For to-Day Captain CORMORANT's coming to dine,
That worthy Acquaintance of JENNY's and mine.
'Tis a Shame to the Army, that Men of ſuch Spirit,
Should never obtain the Reward of their Merit;
For the Captain's as gallant a Man, I'll be ſworn,
And as honeſt a Fellow as ever was born:
After ſo many Hardſhips, and Dangers incurr'd,
He Himſelf thinks He ought to be better prefer'd.
And ROGER, or what is his Name, NICODEMUS,
Appears full as kind, and as much to eſteem us;

Our PRUDENCE declares he's an excellent Preacher,
And by Night and by Day is ſo good as to teach her;
His Doctrine ſo ſound with ſuch Spirit he gives,
She ne'er can forget it as long as ſhe lives.
I told you before that he's often ſo kind
As to go out a riding with PRUDENCE behind,
So frequently dines here without any preſſing,
And now to the Fiſh he is giving his Bleſſing;
And as that is the Caſe, tho' I've taken a Griper,
I'll venture to peek at the Dory and Piper.
And now, my dear Mother, &c. &c. &c.

BATH, 1766. *S—— B—N—R—D.*

Mr. SIMKIN B—N—R—D, to Lady B—N—R—D, at —— Hall, North.

L E T T E R V.

SALUTATIONS *of* BATH, *and an Adventure of Mr.* B—N—R—D's *in Conſequence thereof.*

NO City, dear Mother, this City excels
For charming ſweet Sounds both of Fiddles and Bells.
I thought, like a Fool, that they only would ring
For a Wedding, or Judge, or the Birth of a King;
But I found 'twas for *Me*, that the good-natur'd people
Rung ſo hard that I thought they would pull down the Steeple;
So I took out my Purſe, as I hate to be ſhabby,
And paid all the Men when they came from the Abbey;

Yet

Yet ſome think it ſtrange they ſhould make ſuch a Riot
In a Place where ſick Folk would be glad to be quiet;
But I hear 'tis the Buſ'neſs of this Corporation
To welcome in all the *Great* Men of the Nation,
For you know there is nothing diverts or employs
The Minds of *Great* People like making a Noiſe:
So with Bells they contrive all as much as they can
To tell the Arrival of any ſuch Man.
If a Broker, or Stateſman, a Gameſter, or Peer,
A nat'raliz'd Jew, or a Biſhop comes here,
Or *an eminent Trader in Cheeſe* ſhould retire
Juſt to think of the Buſ'neſs the State may require,
With Horns and with Trumpets, with Fiddles and Drums,
They'll ſtrive to divert him as ſoon as he comes.
'Tis amazing they find ſuch a Number of Ways
Of employing his Thoughts all the Time that he ſtays!
If by chance the *Great* Man at his Lodging alone is,
He may view from his Window the Colliers' Ponies
On both the Parades, where they tumble and kick,
To the great Entertainment of thoſe that are ſick:

What a Number of Turnpits and Builders he'll find
For relaxing his Cares, and unbending his Mind,
While Notes of ſweet Muſic contend with the Cries
Of *fine potted Lavet*, *freſh Oyſters*, and *Pies!*
And Muſic's a Thing I ſhall truly revere
Since the City-Muſicians ſo tickled my Ear;
For when we arriv'd here at *Bath* t'other Day,
They came to our Lodgings on Purpoſe to Play;
And I thought it was right, as the Muſic was come,
To foot it a little in TABITHA's Room,
For Practice makes perfect, as often I've read,
And to Heels is of Service as well as the Head;
But the Lodgers were ſhock'd ſuch a Noiſe we ſhould make,
And the Ladies declar'd that we kept them awake;
Lord RINGBONE, who lay in the Parlour below,
On Account of the Gout he had got in his Toe,
Began on a ſudden to curſe and to ſwear,
I proteſt, my dear Mother, 'twas ſhocking to hear
The Oaths of that reprobate gouty old Peer:
" All the Devils in Hell ſure at once have conſpir'd
" To make ſuch a Noiſe here as never was heard;

" Some

" Some blundering Blockhead, while I am in Bed,
" Treads as hard as a Coach-Horſe juſt over my Head;
" I cannot conceive what a Plague he's about,
" Are the Fidlers come hither to make all this Rout,
" With their d—'d ſqueaking Catgut, that's worſe
" than the Gout?
" If the Aldermen bad 'em come hither, I ſwear
" I wiſh they were broiling in Hell with the May'r;
" May Flames be my Portion if ever I give
" Thoſe Raſcals one Farthing as long as I live,"——
So while they were playing their muſical Airs,
And I was juſt dancing the Hay round the Chairs,
He roar'd to his Frenchman to kick them down Stairs.
The Frenchman came forth with his outlandiſh Lingo,
Juſt the ſame as a Monkey, and made all the Men go:
I could not make out what he ſaid, not a Word,
And his Lordſhip declar'd I was very abſurd.
Says I, 'Maſter Ringbone, I've nothing to fear,
'Tho' you be a Lord, and your Man a Mounſeer,
For the May'r and the Aldermen bad them come
here.

"——As absurd as I am,—

'I don't care a Damn

'For you, nor your *Valet de Sham*,

'For a Lord, do you see,

'Is nothing to me,

'Any more than a Flea;

'And your Frenchman so eager,

'With all his Soup Meagre,

'Is no more than a Mouse,

'Or a Bug, or a Louse,

'And I'll do as I please while I stay in the House;

'For the B—N—R—D Family all can afford

'To part with their Money as free as a Lord.'—

So I thank'd the Musicians, and gave them a Guinea,

Tho' the Ladies and Gentlemen call'd me a Ninny;

And I'll give them another the next Time they play,

For Men of good Fortune encourage, they say,

All Arts and all Sciences too in their Way;

And the Men were so kind as to halloo and bawl

"God bless you, Sir, thank you, good Fortune befall

"Yourself, and the B—N—R—D Family all."—

Excuſe any more,—for I very well know
Both my Subject and Verſe—*is exceedingly low*;
But if any great Critic finds Fault with my Letter,
He has nothing to do but to ſend you a better.
And now my dear Mother, &c. &c. &c.

BATH, 1766. *S—B—N—R—D.*

Mr. S—— B—N—R—D, to Lady B—N—R—D, at —— Hall, North.

LETTER VI.

IN WHICH

Mr. B—N—R—D *gives a Deſcription of the* BATHING.

THIS Morning, dear Mother, as ſoon as 'twas light,
I was wak'd by a Noiſe that aſtoniſh'd me quite,
For in TABITHA's Chamber I heard ſuch a Clatter,
I could not conceive what the Deuce was the Matter:
And, would you believe it? I went up and found her
In a Blanket, with two luſty Fellows around her,
Who both ſeem'd a going to carry her off in
A little black Box juſt the Size of a Coffin:

Pray

' Pray tell me, ſays I, what ye're doing of there?'
" Why, Maſter, 'tis hard to be bilk'd of our Fare,
" And ſo we were thruſting her into a Chair:
" We don't ſee no Reaſon for uſing us ſo,
" For ſhe bad us come hither, and now ſhe won't go;
" We've earn'd all the Fare, for we both came and
" knock'd her
" Up, as ſoon as 'twas light, by Advice of the Doctor,
" And this is a Job that we often go a'ter
" For Ladies that chooſe to go into the Water."
' But pray, ſays I, TABITHA, what is your Drift
' To be cover'd in Flannel inſtead of a Shift?
' 'Tis all by the Doctor's Advice, I ſuppoſe,
' That nothing is left to be ſeen but your Noſe:
' I think if you really intend to go in,
' 'Twould do you more good if you ſtript to the Skin,
' And if you've a Mind for a Frolick, I'faith
' I'll juſt ſtep and ſee you jump into the Bath.'
So they hoiſted her down juſt as ſafe and as well
And as ſnug as a Hod'mandod rides in his Shell:

I fain would have gone to ſee TABITHA dip,
But they turn'd at a Corner and gave me the Slip,
Yet in ſearching about I had better Succeſs,
For I got to a Place where the Ladies undreſs:
Thinks I to myſelf, they are after ſome Fun,
And I'll ſee what they're doing as ſure as a Gun:
So I peep'd at the Door, and I ſaw a great Mat
That cover'd a Table, and got under that;
And laid myſelf down there, as ſnug and as ſtill
(As a Body may ſay) like a Thief in a Mill:
And of all the fine Sights I have ſeen, my dear Mother,
I never expect to behold ſuch another:
How the Ladies did giggle and ſet up their Clacks,
All the while an old Woman was rubbing their Backs!
Oh 'twas pretty to ſee them all put on their Flannels,
And then take the Water like ſo many Spaniels,
And tho' all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They ſwam, juſt as if they were hunting an Otter;
'Twas a glorious Sight to behold the fair Sex
All wading with Gentlemen up to their Necks,
And view them ſo prettily tumble and ſprawl
In a great ſmoaking Kettle as big as our Hall:

And To-Day many Perſons of Rank and Condition
Were boil'd by Command of an able Phyſician!
Dean SPAVIN, Dean MANGEY, and Doctor DE'SQUIRT,
Were all ſent from *Cambridge* to rub off their Dirt;
Judge BANE, and the worthy old Counſellor PEST
Join'd Iſſue at once, and went in with the reſt;
And this they all ſaid was exceedingly good
For ſtrength'ning the Spirits, and mending the Blood.
It pleas'd me to ſee how they all were inclin'd
To lengthen their Lives for the Good of Mankind;
For I ne'er would believe that a Biſhop or Judge
Can fancy old SATAN may owe him a Grudge,
Tho' ſome think the Lawyer may chooſe to *Demur*,
And the Prieſt till another Occaſion *Defer*,
And both to be better prepar'd for herea'ter,
Take a Smack of the Brimſtone contain'd in the Water.
But, what is ſurprizing, no Mortal e'er view'd
Any one of the Phyſical Gentlemen ſtew'd;
† Since the Day that King BLADUD firſt found out the Bogs,
And thought them ſo good for himſelf and his Hogs,

† Vide OLD BATH GUIDE.

Not one of the Faculty ever has try'd
Theſe excellent Waters to cure his own Hide;
Tho' many a skilful and learned Phyſician,
With Candour, good Senſe, and profound Erudition,
Obliges the World with the Fruits of his Brain,
Their Nature and hidden Effects to explain:
Thus CHIRON advis'd Madam THETIS to take
And dip her poor Child in the *Stygian* Lake,
But the worthy old Doctor was not ſuch an Elf
As ever to venture his Carcaſe himſelf:
So JASON's good Wife us'd to ſet on a Pot,
And put in at once all the Patients ſhe got,
But thought it ſufficient to give her Direction,
Without being coddled to mend her Complexion:
And I never have heard that ſhe wrote any Treatiſe
To tell what the Virtue of Water and Heat is.
You cannot conceive what a Number of Ladies
Were waſh'd in the Water the ſame as our Maid is:
Old *Baron* VANTEAZER, a Man of great Wealth,
Brought his Lady the *Baroneſs* here for her Health;

The *Baroneſs* bathes, and ſhe ſays that her Caſe
Has been hit to a Hair, and is mending apace:
And this is a Point all the Learned agree on,
The *Baron* has met with the Fate of ACTEON;
Who while he peep'd into the Bath had the Luck
To find himſelf ſuddenly chang'd to a Buck.
Miſs SCRATCHIT went in, and the Counteſs of SCRAGG,
Both Ladies of very great Faſhion in *Wales*;
Then all on a ſudden two Perſons of Worth,
My Lady PANDORA MAC'SCURVEY came forth,
With General SULPHUR arriv'd from the North,
So TABBY, you ſee, had the Honour of waſhing
With Folk of Diſtinction and very high Faſhion,
But in Spite of good Company, poor little Soul,
She ſhook both her Ears like a Mouſe in a Bowl.

Ods Bobs! how delighted I was unawares
With the Fiddles I heard in the Room above Stairs,
For Muſic is wholeſome the Doctors all think
For Ladies that bathe, and for Ladies that drink:
And that's the Opinion of ROBIN our Driver,
Who whiſtles his Nags while they ſtand at the River:

They

They ſay it is right that for every Glaſs
A Tune you ſhould take, that the Water may paſs;
So while little TABBY was waſhing her Rump,
The Ladies kept drinking it out of a Pump.

I've a deal more to ſay, but am loth to intrude
On your Time, my dear Mother, ſo now I'll conclude.

BATH, 1766. *S—— B—N—R—D.*

Mr. S — B—N—R—D, to Lady B—N—R—D, at — Hall, North.

LETTER VII.

CONTAINING

A PANEGYRIC *on* BATH, *and a* MORAVIAN HYMN.

OF all the gay Places the World can afford,
By Gentle and Simple for Paſtime ador'd,
Fine Balls, and fine Concerts, fine Buildings, and Springs,
Fine Walks, and fine Views, and a Thouſand fine Things,
Not to mention the ſweet Situation and Air,
What Place, my dear Mother, with *Bath* can compare?
Let *Briſtol* for Commerce and Dirt be renown'd,
At *Sal'ſbury* Pen-Knives and Sciſſars be ground;
The Towns of *Devizes*, of *Bradford*, and *Frome*,
May boaſt that they better can manage the Loom;

I believe that they may ;—but the World to refine,
In Manners, in Dreſs, and Politeneſs to ſhine,
O *Bath !*—let the Art, let the Glory be thine.
I'm ſure I have travell'd our Country all o'er
And ne'er was ſo civilly treated before ;
Would you think, my dear Mother, (without the leaſt Hint
That we all ſhould be glad of appearing in Print)
The News-Writers here were ſo kind as to give all
The World an Account of our happy Arrival ?—
You ſcarce can imagine what Numbers I've met,
(Tho' to me they are perfectly Strangers as yet)
Who all with Addreſs and Civility came,
And ſeem'd vaſtly proud of SUBSCRIBING our Name.
Young TIMOTHY CANVASS is charm'd with the Place,
Who, I hear, is come hither his Fibres to brace ;
Poor Man ! at th' Election he threw, t'other Day,
All his Victuals, and Liquor, and Money away ;
And ſome People think with ſuch Haſte he began,
That ſoon he the Conſtable greatly outran,
And is qualify'd now for a Parliament Man :

Goes

Goes every Day to the Coffee-Houſe, where
The Wits and the great Politicians repair;
Harangues on the Funds, and the State of the Nation,
And plans a good Speech for an Adminiſtration,
In Hopes of a Place, which he thinks he deſerves,
As the Love of his Country has ruin'd his Nerves.—
Our Neighbour Sir EASTERLIN WIDGEON has ſwore
He ne'er will return to his Bogs any more:
The *Thickſculls* are ſettled; we've had Invitations
With a great many more on the Score of Relations:
The *Lounger's* are come too.—Old STUCCO has juſt ſent
His Plan for a Houſe to be built in the *Creſcent*;
'Twill ſoon be complete, and they ſay all their Work
Is as ſtrong as *St. Paul's*, or the Minſter at *York*.
Don't you think 'twould be better to leaſe our Eſtate,
And buy a good Houſe here before 'tis too late?
You never can go, my dear Mother, where you
So much have to ſee, and ſo little to do.

I write this in Haſte, for the Captain is come,
And ſo kind as to go with us all to the Room;

But be ſure by the very next Poſt you ſhall hear
Of all I've the pleaſure of meeting with there;
For I ſcribble my Verſe with a great deal of Eaſe,
And can ſend you a Letter whenever I pleaſe;
And while at this Place I've the Honour to ſtay,
I think I can never want ſomething to ſay.
But now my dear Mother, &c. &c.

BATH, 1766. S——— B—N—R—D.

POSTSCRIPT.

I'm ſorry to find at the City of *Bath*,
Many Folk are uneaſy concerning their Faith:
NICODEMUS, the Preacher, ſtrives all he can do
To quiet the Conſcience of good Siſter PRUE;
But TABBY from Scruples of Mind is releas'd,
Since ſhe met with a learned MORAVIAN Prieſt,
Who ſays, *There is neither Tranſgreſſion nor Sin*;
A Doctrine that brings many Cuſtomers in.
She thinks this the prettieſt Ode upon Earth,
Which he made on his Infant that dy'd in the Birth.

ODE.

O D E. †

Chicken blessed,

And caressed,

Little Bee on JESUS's *Breast!*

From the Hurry

And the Flurry

Of the Earth thou'rt now at Rest.

† The learned MORAVIAN has pirated this Ode from Count ZINZENDORF's Book of HYMNS. Vid. H. 33.

Mr. B——N——R——D, *to Lady* B——N——R——D, *at* ——*Hall, North.*

LETTER VIII.

Mr. B—N—R—D, *goes to the* ROOMS.

His Opinion of GAMING.

FROM the earlieſt Ages, dear Mother, till now,
All Statesmen and great Politicians allow
That nothing advances the good of a Nation,
Like giving all Money a free Circulation:
This Queſtion from Members of Parliament draws
Many Speeches that meet univerſal Applauſe;
And if ever dear Mother I live to be one,
I'll ſpeak on this Subject as ſure as a Gun:
For *Bath* will I ſpeak, and I'll make an Oration
Shall obtain me the Freedom of this Corporation;

I have

I have no kind of Doubt but the Speaker will beg
All the Members to *Hear* when I ſet out my Leg.
" Circulation of Caſh—Circulation decay'd—
" Is at once the Deſtruction and Ruin of Trade;
" Circulation—I ſay—Circulation it is,
" Gives Life to Commercial Countries like this!"
What Thanks to the City of *Bath* then are due
From all who this Patriot Maxim purſue!
For in no Place whatever that National Good
Is practis'd ſo well, and ſo well underſtood!
What infinite Merit and Praiſe does ſhe claim in
Her Ways and her Means for promoting of *Gaming!*
And *Gaming*, no doubt, is of infinite Uſe
That ſame Circulation of Caſh to produce.
What true public-ſpirited People are here,
Who for that very purpoſe come every Year!
All eminent Men, who no Trade ever knew
But *Gaming*, the only good Trade to purſue:
All other Profeſſions are ſubject to fail,
But *Gaming*'s a Buſineſs will ever prevail;
Beſides 'tis the only good Way to commence
An Acquaintance with all Men of Spirit and Senſe;

We may grub on without it through Life, I ſuppoſe,
But then 'tis with People—*that Nobody knows.*
We ne'er can expect to be rich, wiſe, or great,
Or look'd upon fit for Employments of State:
'Tis your Men of fine Heads, and of nice Calculations,
That afford ſo much Service to Adminiſtrations,
Who by frequent Experience know how to devize
The ſpeedieſt Methods of raiſing Supplies;
'Tis ſuch Men as theſe, Men of Honour and Worth,
That challenge Reſpect from all Perſons of Birth,
And is it not right they ſhould all be careſt,
When they're all ſo polite and ſo very well dreſt,
When they circulate freely the Money they've won,
And wear a lac'd Coat, tho' their Fathers wore none?

Our Trade is encourag'd as much, if not more,
By the tender ſoft Sex I ſhall ever adore;
But their Huſbands, thoſe Brutes, have been known to complain,
And ſwear they will never ſet Foot here again.——

Ye

Ye Wretches ingrate! to find Fault with your Wives,
The Comfort, the Solace, and Joy of your Lives!
Oh! That Women whose Price is so far above Rubies,
Should fall to the Lot of such ignorant Boobies!
Don't SOLOMON ſpeak of ſuch Women with Rapture
In Verſe his Eleventh and Thirty-firſt Chapter?
And ſurely that wiſe King of ISRAEL knew
What belong'd to a Woman much better than you!
He ſays, " If you find out a virtuous Wife,
" She will do a Man good all the days of her Life;
" She deals like a Merchant, ſhe fitteth up late;"
And you'll find it is written in Verſe Twenty-eight
" Her Huſband is ſure to be known at the Gate.
" He never hath Need or Occaſion for Spoil,
" When his Wife is much better employ'd all the while;
" She ſeeketh fine Wool and fine Linen ſhe buys,
" And is clothed in Purple and Scarlet likewiſe.—"
Now pray don't your Wives do the very ſame Thing,
And follow th' Advice of this worthy old King?
Do they ſpare for Expences themſelves in adorning?
Don't they go about buying fine Things all the Morning?

And at Cards all the Night take the Trouble to play,
To get back the Money they ſpent in the Day?
And ſure there's no ſort of Occaſion to ſhew,
Ye are known at the Gate, or wherever ye go.
Pray are not your Ladies at *Bath* better plac'd
Than the Wife of a King who herſelf ſo diſgrac'd,
And at *Ithaca* liv'd in *ſuch very bad Taſte*?
Poor Soul! while her Huſband thought proper to leave her,
She ſlav'd all the Day like a Spitalfields Weaver,
And then, like a Fool, when her Web was half ſpun,
Pull'd to Pieces at Night all the Work ſhe had done:
But theſe to their Huſbands more Profit can yield,
And are much like a Lilly that grows in the Field;
They toil not indeed, nor indeed do they ſpin,
Yet they never are idle when once they begin,
But are very intent on encreaſing their Store,
And always keep ſhuffling and cutting for more:
Induſtrious Creatures! that make it a Rule
To ſecure half the Fiſh, while they *manage* the Pool:
So they win to be ſure; yet I very much wonder
Why they put ſo much Money the Candleſtick under;

For up comes a Man on a ſudden, Slapdaſh,
Snuffs the Candles, and carries away all the Caſh:
And as Nobody troubles their Heads any more,
I'm in very great Hopes that it goes to the Poor. ——
Methinks I ſhould like to excel in a Trade,
By which ſuch a Number their Fortunes have made.
I've heard of a wiſe philoſophical Jew,
That ſhuffles the Cards in a Manner that's new,
One JONAS, I think: — And could wiſh for the future
To have that illuſtrious Sage for my Tutor;
And the Captain, whoſe Kindneſs I ne'er can forget,
Will teach me a Game that he calls Lanſquenet;
So I ſoon ſhall acquaint you what Money I've won;
In the mean Time I reſt, Your moſt dutiful Son,

BATH, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART the SECOND.

NEW BATH GUIDE.

THE

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

PART the SECOND.

Mrs JENNY W—D—R, to Lady ELIZ. M—D—SS,
at —— Caſtle, North.

LETTER IX.

JOURNAL.

Or

Miſs JENNY W—D—R, *to Lady* ELIZ. M—D—SS, *at*—— *Caſtle, North.*

LETTER IX.

A JOURNAL.

TO humbler Strains, ye Nine, deſcend
And greet my poor ſequeſter'd Friend,
Not Odes, with rapid Eagle Flight,
That ſoar above all human Sight;
Not Fancy's fair and fertile Field,
To all the ſame Delight can yield.
But come, CALLIOPE, and ſay
How Pleaſure waſtes the various Day:
Whether thou art wont to rove
By Parade, or Orange Grove,

Or

Or to breathe a purer Air
In the Circus or the Square;
Whereſoever be thy Path,
Tell, O tell the Joys of *Bath*.

Ev'ry Morning, ev'ry Night,
Gayeſt Scenes of freſh Delight:
When AURORA ſheds her Beams,
Wak'd from ſoft Elyſian Dreams,
Muſic calls me to the Spring
Which can Health and Spirits bring;
There HYGEIA, Goddeſs, pours
Bleſſings from her various Stores;
Let me to her Altars haſte,
Tho' I ne'er the Waters taſte,
Near the Pump to take my Stand,
With a Noſegay in my Hand,
And to hear the Captain ſay,
" How d'ye do, dear Miſs, to-day?"
The Captain! — Now you'll ſay my Dear,
Methinks I long his Name to hear,—

Why

Why then—A but don't you tell my Aunt,
The Captain's Name is—CORMORANT:
But hereafter, you muſt know,
I ſhall call him ROMEO,
And your Friend, dear Lady BET,
JENNY no more, but JULIET.

O ye Guardian Spirits fair,
All who make true Love your Care,
May I oft my ROMEO meet,
Oft enjoy his Converſe ſweet;
I alone his Thoughts employ
Through each various Scene of Joy!
Lo! where all the jocund Throng
From the Pump-Room haſtes along,
To the Breakfaſt all invited
By Sir TOBY, lately knighted.
See with Joy my ROMEO comes,
He conducts me to the Rooms;
There he whiſpers, not unſeen,
Tender Tales behind the Screen;

While

While his Eyes are fix'd on mine,
See each Nymph with Envy pine,
And with Looks of forc'd Diſdain,
Smile Contempt, but ſigh in vain.

O the charming Parties made!
Some to walk the South Parade,
Some to LINCOMB's ſhady Groves,
Or to SIMPSON's proud Alcoves;
Some for Chapel trip away,
Then take Places for the Play:
Or we walk about in Pattins,
Buying Gauzes, cheap'ning Sattins,
Or to PAINTER's we repair,
Meet Sir PEREGRINE HATCHET there,
Pleas'd the Artiſt's Skill to trace
In his dear Miſs GORGON's Face:
Happy Pair, who fix'd as Fate
For the ſweet connubial State,
Smile in Canvas *Tête à Tête.*
If the Weather, cold and chill,
Calls us all to Mr. GILL,

ROMEO hands to me the Jelly,
Or the Soup of Vermicelli;
If at TOYSHOP I ſtep in,
He preſents a Diamond Pin;
Sweeteſt Token I can wear,
Which at once may grace my Hair,
And, in Witneſs of my Flame,
Teach the Glaſs to bear his Name!
See him turn each Trinket over,
If for me he can diſcover
Aught his Paſſion to reveal,
Emblematic Ring or Seal;
CUPID whetting pointed Darts,
For a Pair of tender Hearts;
HYMEN lighting ſacred Fires,
Types of chaſte and fond Deſires:
Thus enjoy we ev'ry Bleſſing,
Till the Toilet calls to Dreſſing;
Where's my Garnet, Cap, and Sprig?
Send for SINGE to dreſs my Wig:
Bring my ſilver'd Mazarine,
Sweeteſt Gown that e'er was ſeen:

TABITHA, put on my Ruff:
Where's my dear delightful Muff?
Muff, my faithful ROMEO's Preſent!
Tippet too from Tail of Pheaſant!
Muff from downy Breaſt of Swan!
O the dear enchanting Man!
Muff that makes me think how JOVE
Flew to LEDA from above.——
Muff that ——TABBY, ſee who rapt then.
" Madam, Madam, 'tis the Captain!"
Sure his Voice I hear below,
'Tis, it is my ROMEO;
Shape and Gait, and careleſs Air,
Diamond Ring, and Solitaire,
Birth and Faſhion all declare.
How his Eyes, that gently roll,
Speak the Language of his Soul!
See the Dimple on his Cheek,
See him ſmile and ſweetly ſpeak,
" Lovely Nymph, at your Command,
" I have ſomething in my Hand,

" Which

" Which I hope you'll not refuſe,
" 'Twill us both at Night amuſe.
" What tho' Lady WHISKER crave it,
" And Miſs BADGER longs to have it,
" 'Tis, by JUPITER I ſwear,
" 'Tis for you alone, my Dear:
" See this Ticket, gentle Maid,
" At your Feet an Off'ring laid;
" Thee the Loves and Graces call
" To a little private Ball:
" And to Play I bid adieu,
" Hazard, Lanſquenet, and Loo,
" Faireſt Nymph, to dance with you.—"
—I with Joy accept his Ticket,
And upon my Boſom ſtick it:
Well I know how ROMEO dances,
With what Air he firſt advances,
With what Grace his Gloves he draws on,
Claps, and calls up *Nancy Dawſon*;
Me through ev'ry Dance conducting,
And the Muſic oft inſtructing;

See him tap the Time to shew,
With his light fantastic Toe;
Skill'd in ev'ry Art to please,
From the Fan to waft the Breeze,
Or his Bottle to produce
Fill'd with pungent *Eau de Luce*.——
Wonder not, my Friend, I go
To the Ball with ROMEO.

Such Delights if thou canst give,
Bath, at Thee I choose to live.

BATH, 1766. *J—— W—— D——R.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Inclos'd you'll find some Lines, my dear,
Made by a hungry Poet here,
A happy Bard, who rhymes and eats,
And lives by utt'ring quaint Conceits,
Yet thinks to Him alone belong
The Laurels due to Modern Song.

A CHARGE to the POETS.

Written at Mr. GILL's, *an eminent Cook at* BATH.

SONG.

Οὐ πρὸς παντὸς ἐστιν ἀρῦσαι καλῶς. Frag. Vet. Poet.

YE Bards who ſing the Hero's Praiſe,
Or Laſs's of the Mill, [*Forte.*
A loftier Theme invites your Lays,
Come tune your Lyres to GILL.

Of all the Cooks the World can boaſt,
However great their Skill,
To bake or fry, to boil, or roaſt,
There's none like Maſter GILL.

Sweet rhyming Troop, no longer ſtoop
To drink CASTALIA's Rill,
Whene'er ye droop, O taſte the Soup
That's made by Maſter GILL.

O taſte

O taſte this Soup for which the Fair,
When hungry, cold, and chill,
Forſake the Circus and the Square
To eat with Maſter GILL.

'Tis this that makes my CHLOE's Lips
Ambroſial Sweets diſtil; [*Affettuoſo.*
For Leeks and Cabbage oft ſhe ſips
In Soup that's made by GILL.

Immortal Bards, view here your Wit,
The Labours of your Quill,
To ſinge the Fowl upon the Spit,
Condemn'd by Maſter GILL.

My humble Verſe that Fate will meet,
Nor ſhall I take it ill;
But grant, ye Gods! that I may eat
That Fowl, when dreſt by GILL.

Theſe are your true poetic Fires,
That dreſt this ſay'ry Grill,
E'en while I eat the Muſe inſpires,
And tunes my Voice to GILL.

When C—— ſtrikes the vocal Lyre,
Sweet LYDIAN Meaſures thrill;
But I the Gridir'n more admire,
When tun'd by Maſter GILL.

"Come take my Sage of ancient Uſe,"
Cries learned Dr. H—LL;
"But what's the Sage without the Gooſe?"
Replies my Maſter GILL.

He who would fortify his Mind,
His Belly firſt ſhould fill;
Roaſt Beef 'gainſt Terrors beſt you'll find;
"*The Greeks knew this*," ſays GILL.

Your

Your Spirits and your Blood to ſtir
Old GALEN gives a Pill,
But I the fore'd-meat Ball prefer,
Prepar'd by Maſter GILL.

While he ſo well can broil and bake,
I'll promiſe and fulfil,
No other Phyſic e'er to take
Than what's preſcrib'd by GILL.

Your Bard has liv'd at *Bath* ſo long, [*Piano.*
He dreads to ſee your Bill—
Inſtead of Caſh accept this Song, [*Pianiſſimo.*
My worthy Maſter GILL.

Mr. S——, B—N——R—D, to Lady, B—N—R—D, at —— Hall, North.

LETTER X.

TASTE *and* SPIRIT. —— *Mr.* B—N—R—D *commences* *A* BEAU GARÇON.

SO lively, ſo gay, my dear Mother, I'm grown,
I long to do ſomething to make myſelf known;
For Perſons of *Taſte* and true *Spirit*, I find,
Are fond of attracting the Eyes of Mankind:
What Numbers one ſees, who, for that very Reaſon
Come to make ſuch a Figure at *Bath* ev'ry Seaſon!
'Tis this that provokes Mrs. SHENKIN AP-LEEK
To dine at the Ord'nary twice in a Week,
Tho' at Home ſhe might eat a good Dinner in Comfort,
Nor pay ſuch a curſed extravagant Sum for't:

But then her Acquaintance would never have known
Mrs. SHENKIN AP-LEEK had acquir'd a *Bon Ton*;
Ne'er ſhewn how in *Taſte* the AP-LEEKS can excel
The Dutcheſs of TRUFFLES, and Lady MORELL;
Had ne'er been ador'd by Sir PYE MACARONI,
And Count VERMICELLI, his intimate Crony;
Both Men of ſuch *Taſte*, their Opinions are taken
From an Ortolan down to a Raſher of Bacon.

What makes KITTY SPICER, and little Miſs SAGO,
To Auctions and Milliner's Shops ev'ry Day go?
What makes them to vie with each other and quarrel
Which ſpends the moſt Money for ſplendid Apparel?
Why, *Spirit*—to ſhew they have much better Senſe
Than their Fathers, who rais'd it by Shillings and Pence.
What ſends PETER TEWKSBURY every Night
To the Play with ſuch infinite Joy and Delight?
Why, PETER's a Critic, with true Attic Salt,
Can damn the Performers, can hiſs, and find fault,
And tell when we ought to expreſs Approbation,
By thumping, and clapping, and Vociferation;

So he gains our Attention, and all muſt admire
Young TEWKSBURY's Judgment, his *Spirit* and Fire.
But JACK DILETTANTE deſpiſes the Play'rs,
To Concerts and muſical Parties repairs,
With Benefit-Tickets his Pockets he fills,
Like a Mountebank Doctor diſtributes his Bills;
And thus his Importance and Intereſt ſhews,
By conferring his Favours wherever he goes:
He's extremely polite both to me and my Couſin,
For he often deſires us to take off a Dozen:
He has Taſte, without doubt, and a delicate Ear,
No vile Oratorios ever could bear;
But talks of the Op'ras and his *Signiora*,
Cries *Bravo*, *Beniſſimo*, *Bravo*, *Encora!*
And oft is ſo kind as to thruſt in a Note
While old Lady CUCKOW is ſtraining her Throat,
Or little Miſs WREN, who's an excellent Singer;
Then he points to the Notes, with a Ring on his Finger,
And ſhews her the Crotchet, the Quaver, and Bar,
All the Time that ſhe warbles, and plays the *Guitar*:
Yet I think, tho' ſhe's at it from Morning till Noon,
Her queer little Thingumbob's never in Tune.

Thank Heaven! of late, my dear Mother, my Face is
Not a little regarded at all public Places;
For I ride in a Chair with my Hands in a Muff,
And have bought a Silk Coat and embroider'd the Cuff;
But the Weather was cold, and the Coat it was thin,
So the Taylor advis'd me to line it with Skin:
But what with my *Nivernois'* Hat can compare,
Bag-Wig, and lac'd Ruffles, and black Solitaire?
And what can a Man of true Faſhion denote,
Like an Ell of good Ribbon ty'd under the Throat?
My Buckles and Box are in exquiſite Taſte;
The one is of Paper, the other of Paſte;
And ſure no *Camayeu* was ever yet ſeen
Like that which I purchas'd at WICKSTED's Machine:
My Stockings, of Silk, are juſt come from the Hoſier,
For To-night I'm to dance with the charming Miſs
TOZIER:
So I'd have them to know when I go to the Ball,
I ſhall ſhew as much *Taſte* as the beſt of them all:
For a Man of great Faſhion was heard to declare
He never beheld ſo engaging an Air,

And ſwears all the World muſt my Judgment confeſs,
My *Solidity*, *Senſe*, *Underſtanding* in Dreſs,
My Manners ſo form'd, and my Wig ſo well curl'd,
I look like a Man *of the very firſt World*:
But my Perſon and Figure you'll beſt underſtand
From the Picture I've ſent, by an eminent Hand:
Shew it young Lady BETTY, by way of Endearance,
And to give her a Spice of my Mien and Appearance:
Excuſe any more, I'm in Haſte to depart,
For a Dance is the Thing that I love at my Heart.
So now my dear Mother, *&c. &c. &c.*

BATH, 1766. S——— B—N—R—D.

Mr. ——— *B—N—R—D, to Lady B—N—R—D, at* ——— *Hall, North.*

LETTER XI.

A Deſcription of the BALL, *with an Epiſode on* BEAU NASH.

WHAT Joy at the Ball, what Delight have I found,
By all the bright Circle encompaſs'd around!
Each Moment with Tranſport my Boſom felt warm;
For what, my dear Mother, like Beauty can charm?
The Remembrance alone, while their Praiſe I rehearſe,
Gives Life to my Numbers, and Strength to my Verſe:
Then allow for the Rapture the Muſes inſpire,
Such Themes call aloud for Poetical Fire.
I've read how the Goddeſſes meet all above,
And throng the immortal Aſſemblies of JOVE,

When

When join'd with the Graces fair VENUS appears,
Ambroſial ſweet Odours perfume all the Spheres;
But the Goddeſs of Love, and the Graces and all,
Muſt yield to the Beauties I've ſeen at the Ball;
For JOVE never felt ſuch a Joy at his Heart,
Such a Heat as theſe charming ſweet Creatures impart.
In ſhort—there is ſomething in very fine Women,
When they meet all together—that's quite overcoming.

Then ſay, O ye Nymphs that inhabit the Shades
Of *Pindus'* ſweet Banks, *Heliconian* Maids,
Celeſtial Muſes, ye Powers divine,
O ſay, for your Memory's better than mine,
What Troops of fair Virgins aſſembled around,
What Squadrons of Heroes for Dancing renown'd,
Were rouz'd by the Fiddle's harmonious Sound.
What Goddeſs ſhall firſt be the Theme of my Song,
Whoſe Name the clear AVON may murmur along,
And Echo repeat all the Vallies among!
Lady TETTATON's Siſter, Miſs FUBBY FATARMIN,
Was the firſt that preſented her Perſon ſo charming,

Than

Than whom more engaging, more beautiful none,
A Goddeſs herſelf among Goddeſſes ſhone,
Excepting the lovely Miſs TOWZER alone.
'Tis ſhe that has long been the Toaſt of the Town,
Tho' all the World knows her Complexion is brown:
If ſome People think that her Mouth be too wide,
Miſs TOWZER has numberleſs Beauties beſide;
A Countenance noble, with ſweet pouting Lips,
And a delicate Shape, from her Waiſt to her Hips;
Beſides a prodigious rough black Head of Hair
That is frizzled and curl'd o'er her Neck that is bare:
I've ſeen the ſweet Creature but once, I confeſs,
But her Air, and her Manner, and pleaſing Addreſs,
All made me feel ſomething I ne'er can expreſs.

But lo! on a ſudden what Multitudes pour
From *Cambrian* Mountains, from *Indian* Shore;
Bright Maidens, bright Widows, and fortunate Swains,
Who cultivate LIFFY's ſweet Borders and Plains,
And they who their Flocks in fair ALBION feed,
Rich Flocks and rich Herds, (ſo the Gods have decreed)
Since they quitted the pleaſanter Banks of the *Tweed*.

Yet here no Confuſion, no Tumult is known,
Fair Order and Beauty eſtabliſh their Throne;
For Order, and Beauty, and juſt Regulation,
Support all the Works of this ample Creation.
For This, in Compaſſion to Mortals below,
The Gods, their peculiar Favour to ſhew,
Sent HERMES to *Bath* in the Shape of a BEAU:
That Grandſon of ATLAS came down from above
To bleſs all the Regions of Pleaſure and Love;
To lead the fair Nymph thro' the various Maze,
Bright Beauty to marſhal, his Glory and Praiſe;
To govern, improve, and adorn the gay Scene,
By the Graces inſtructed, and *Cyprian* Queen:
As when in a Garden delightful and gay,
Where FLORA is wont all her Charms to diſplay,
The ſweet Hyacinthus with Pleaſure we view
Contend with Narciſſus in delicate Hue,
The Gard'ner induſtrious trims out his Border,
Puts each odoriferous Plant in it's Order;
The Myrtle he ranges, the Roſe and the Lilly,
With Iris and Crocus, and Daffa-down-dilly;

Sweet Peas and ſweet Oranges all he diſpoſes
At once to regale both your Eyes and your Noſes;
Long reign'd the great NASH, this omnipotent Lord,
Reſpected by Youth, and by Parents ador'd;
For Him not enough at a Ball to preſide,
Th' unwary and beautiful Nymph would he guide;
Oft tell her a Tale, how the credulous Maid
By Man, by perfidious Man is betray'd;
Taught Charity's Hand to relieve the Diſtreſt,
While Tears have his tender Compaſſion expreſt:
But alas! he is gone, and the City can tell
How in Years and in Glory lamented he fell;
Him mourn'd all the Dryads on CLAVERTON's Mount;
Him AVON deplor'd, Him the Nymph of the Fount,
The Cryſtalline Streams,
Then periſh his Picture, his Statue decay,
A Tribute more laſting the Muſes ſhall pay,
If true what Philoſophers all will aſſure us,
Who diſſent from the Doctrine of great EPICURUS,
That the Spirit's immortal: as Poets allow,
If Life's Occupations are follow'd below:

In Reward of his Labours, his Virtue and Pains,
He is footing it now in th' Elyſian Plains;
Indulg'd, as a Token of PROSERPINE's Favour,
To preſide at her Balls in a Cream-colour'd Beaver:
Then Peace to his Aſhes—Our Grief be ſuppreſt,
Since we find ſuch a Phœnix has ſprung from his Neſt;
Kind Heaven has ſent us another Profeſſor,
Who follows the Steps of his great Predeceſſor.

But hark, now they ſtrike the melodious String,
The vaulted Roof echoes, the Manſions all ring;
At the Sound of the Hautboy, the Baſs and the Fiddle,
Sir BOREAS BLUBBER ſteps forth in the Middle,
Like a Holy-Hock, noble, majeſtic, and tall,
Sir BOREAS BLUBBER firſt opens the Ball:
Sir BOREAS, great in the Minuet known,
Since the Day that for Dancing his Talents were ſhewn
Where the Science is practis'd by Gentlemen grown.
For in every Science, in ev'ry Profeſſion,
We make the beſt Progreſs at Years of Diſcretion.
How he puts on his Hat with a Smile on his Face,
And delivers his Hand with an exquiſite Grace;

How genteelly he offers Miſs CARROT before us,
Miſs CARROT FITZ-OOZER, a Niece of Lord PORUS;
How nimbly he paces, how active and light!
One never can judge of a Man at firſt Sight;
But as near as I gueſs from the Size of his Calf,
He may weigh about twenty-three Stone and a Half.
Now why ſhould I mention a hundred or more,
Who went the ſame Circle as others before,
To a Tune that they play'd us a hundred Times o'er?
See little BOB JEROM, old CHRYSOSTOM's Son,
With a Chitterlin Shirt, and a Buckle of Stone:
What a cropt Head of Hair the young Parſon has on!
Emerg'd from his Grizzle, th' unfortunate Sprig
Seems as if he was hunting all Night for his Wig;
Not perfectly pleas'd with the Coat on his Back,
Tho' the Coat's a good Coat, but alas, it is black!
With envious Eyes he is doom'd to behold
The Captain's red Suit that's embroider'd with Gold!
How ſeldom Mankind is content with their Lot!
BOB JEROM two very good Livings has got;
Yet ſtill he accuſes his Parents deceas'd,
For making a Man of ſuch Spirit a Prieſt.

Not

Not ſo Maſter MARMOZET, ſweet little Boy,
Mrs. DANGLECUB's Hopes, her Delight and her Joy:
His pigeon-wing'd Head was not dreſt quite ſo ſoon,
For it took up a Barber the whole Afternoon;
His Jacket's well-lac'd, and the Ladies proteſt
Maſter MARMOZET dances as well as the beſt:
Yet ſome think the Boy would be better at School;
But I hear Mrs. DANGLECUB's not ſuch a Fool
To ſend a poor Thing with a Spirit ſo meek,
To be flogg'd by a Tyrant for Latin and Greek;
For why ſhould a Child of Diſtinction and Faſhion
Lay a Heap of ſuch ſilly nonſenſical Traſh in?
She wonders that Parents to *Eton* ſhould ſend
Five Hundred great Boobies their Manners to mend,
When the Maſter that left it (tho' no one objects
To his Care of the Boys in all other Reſpects)
Was extremely remiſs, for a ſenſible Man,
In never contriving ſome elegant Plan
For improving their Perſons, and ſhewing them how
To hold up their Heads, and to make a good Bow,
When they've got ſuch a charming long Room for a Ball,
Where the Scholars might practiſe, and Maſters and all:

But

But, what is much worſe, what no Parent would chuſe,
He burnt all their Ruffles, and cut off their Queues:
So he quitted the School with the utmoſt Diſgrace,
And juſt ſuch another's come into his Place.
She ſays that her Son will his Fortune advance,
By learning ſo early to fiddle and dance;
So ſhe brings him to *Bath*, which I think is quite right,
For they do nothing elſe here from Morning till Night:
And this is a Leſſon all Parents ſhould know,
To train up a Child in the Way he ſhould go:
For as SOLOMON ſays, you may ſafely uphold,
He ne'er will depart from the ſame when he's old.
No doubt ſhe's a Woman of fine Underſtanding,
Her Air and her Preſence there's ſomething ſo grand in;
So wiſe and diſcreet; and to give Her her due,
Dear Mother, ſhe's juſt ſuch a Woman as you.

But who is that Bombazine Lady ſo gay,
So profuſe of her Beauties, in ſable Array?
How ſhe reſts on her Heel, how ſhe turns out her Toe,
How ſhe pulls down her Stays, with her Head up, to ſhew
Her Lilly-white Boſom that rivals the Snow!

'Tis the Widow QUICKLACKIT, whoſe Huſband, laſt Week,
Poor STEPHEN, went ſuddenly forth in a Pique,
And puſh'd off his Boat for the *Stygian* Creek:
Poor STEPHEN! He never return'd from the Bourn,
But left the diſconſolate Widow to mourn:
Three Times did ſhe faint, when ſhe heard of the News;
Six Days did ſhe weep, and all Comfort refuſe:
But STEPHEN, no Sorrow, no Tears can recall!
So ſhe hallows the Seventh, and comes to the Ball.

For Muſic, ſweet Muſic, has Charms to controul,
And tune up each Paſſion that ruffles the Soul!
What Things have I read, and what Stories been told
Of Feats that were done by Muſicians of old!
I've heard a whole City was built from the Ground
By magical Numbers, and muſical Sound;
And here it can build a good Houſe in the Square,
Or raiſe up a Church where the Godly repair.
I ſaw, t'other Day, in a *Thing call'd an Ode*,
As it lay in a ſnug little Houſe on the Road,

How

How SAUL was reſtor'd, 'tho' his Sorrow was ſharp,
When DAVID, the *Bethlemite*, play'd on the Harp:
'Twas Muſic that brought a Man's Wife from *Old Nick*;
And at *Bath* has the Pow'r to recover the Sick:
That a Lady was cur'd t'other Day.—But 'tis Time
To ſeal up my Letter, and finiſh my Rhyme.

BATH, 1766. S——— B—N—R—D.

Mr. S—— B—N—R—D, to Lady B—N—R—D, at —— Hall, North.

LETTER XII.

A MODERN HEAD-DRESS, *with a little* POLITE CONVERSATION.

WHAT baſe and unjuſt Accuſations we find
Ariſe from the Malice and Spleen of Mankind!
One would hope, my dear Mother, that Scandal would ſpare
The tender, the helpleſs, and delicate Fair;
But alas! the ſweet Creatures all find it the Caſe
That *Bath* is a very cenſorious Place.
Would you think that a Perſon I met ſince I came,
(I hope you'll excuſe my concealing his Name)

A ſplenetic ill-natur'd Fellow, before
A Room full of very good Company, ſwore,
That, in ſpite of Appearance, 'twas very well known,
Their Hair and their Faces were none of their own:
And thus without Wit, or the leaſt Provocation,
Began an impertinent formal Oration:
" Shall Nature thus laviſh her Beauties in vain
" For Art and nonſenſical Faſhion to ſtain?
" The fair JEZEBELLA what Art can adorn,
" Whoſe Cheeks are like Roſes that bluſh in the Morn?
" As bright were her Locks as in Heaven are ſeen,
" Preſented for Stars by th' *Egyptian* Queen;
" But alas! the ſweet Nymph they no longer muſt deck,
" No more ſhall they flow o'er her Ivory Neck;
" Thoſe Treſſes which VENUS might take as a Favour,
" Fall a Victim at once to an outlandiſh Shaver;
" Her Head has he robb'd with as little Remorſe
" As a Fox-Hunter crops both his Dogs and his Horſe:
" A Wretch that, ſo far from repenting his Theft,
" Makes a Boaſt of tormenting the little that's left:

" And

" And firſt at her Porcupine Head he begins
" To fumble and poke with his Irons and Pins,
" Then fires all his Crackers with horrid Grimace,
" And puffs his vile *Rocambol* Breath in her Face,
" Diſcharging a Steam that the Devil would choak,
" From Paper, Pomatum, from Powder, and Smoke.
" The Patient ſubmits, and with due Reſignation
" Prepares for her Fate in the next Operation.
" When lo! on a ſudden, a Monſter appears,
" A horrible Monſter, to cover her Ears;
" What Sign of the Zodiac is it he bears?
" Is it *Taurus*'s *Tail*, or the *Tête de Mouton*,
" Or the *Beard of the Goat* that he dares to put on?
" 'Tis a Wig *en Vergette*, that from *Paris* was brought,
" *Une Tête comme il faut*, that the Varlet has bought
" Of a Beggar, whoſe Head he has ſhav'd for a Groat:
" Now fix'd to her Head, does he frizzle and dab it;
" Her Foretop's no more—'Tis the Skin of a Rabbit—
" 'Tis a Muff—'tis a Thing that by all is confeſt
" Is in Colour and Shape like a Chaffinch's Neſt.

" O ceaſe, ye fair Virgins, ſuch Pains to employ,
" The Beauties of Nature with Paint to deſtroy;
" See Venus lament, ſee the Loves and the Graces,
" How they pine at the Injury done to your Faces!
" Ye have Eyes, Lips, and Noſe, but your Heads are no more
" Than a Doll's that is plac'd at a Milliner's Door.—"

I'm aſham'd to repeat what he ſaid in the Sequel,
Aſperſions ſo cruel as nothing can equal!
I declare I am ſhock'd ſuch a Fellow ſhould vex,
And ſpread all theſe Lyes of the innocent Sex,
For whom, while I live, I will make Proteſtation
I've the higheſt Eſteem and profound Veneration;
I never ſo ſtrange an Opinion will harbour,
That they buy all the Hair they have got of a Barber:
Nor ever believe that ſuch beautiful Creatures
Can have any Delight in abuſing their Features:
One Thing tho' I wonder at much, I confeſs, is
Th' Appearance they make in their different Dreſſes,
For indeed they look very much like Apparitions
When they come in the Morning to hear the Muſicians,

And

And ſome I am apt to miſtake, at firſt Sight,
For the Mothers of thoſe I have ſeen over Night:
It ſhocks me to ſee them look paler than Aſhes,
And as dead in the Eye as the Buſto of NASH is,
Who the Evening before were ſo blooming and plump:
—I'm griev'd to the Heart when I go to the Pump:
For I take ev'ry Morning a Sup at the Water,
Juſt to hear what is paſſing, and ſee what they're a'ter;
For I'm told the Diſcourſes of Perſons refin'd
Are better than Books for improving the Mind;
But a great deal of Judgment's requir'd in the ſkimming
The polite Converſation of ſenſible Women,
For they come to the Pump, as before I was ſaying,
And talk all at once while the Muſic is playing!
" Your Servant Miſs FITCHET," " Good Morning,
Miſs STOTE,
" My dear Lady RIGGLEDUM, how is your Throat;
" Your Ladyſhip knows that I ſent you a Scrawl,
" Laſt Night to attend at your Ladyſhip's Call,
" But I hear that your Ladyſhip went to the Ball."

Oh

" —Oh FITCHET—don't aſk me—good Heavens preſerve—
" I wiſh there was no ſuch a Thing as a Nerve:
" Half dead all the Night, I proteſt and declare—
" My dear little FITCHET, who dreſſes your Hair?—
" You'll come to the Rooms, all the World will be there.
" Sir TOBY MAC'NEGUS is going to ſettle
" His Tea-drinking Night with Sir PHILIP O'KETTLE."
" I hear that they both have appointed the ſame;
" The Majority think that Sir PHILIP's to blame;
" I hope they won't quarrel, they're both in a Flame:
" Sir TOBY MAC'NEGUS much Spirit has got,
" And Sir PHILIP O'KETTLE is apt to be hot.—"
" Have you read the *Bath Guide*, that ridiculous Poem;
" What a ſcurrilous Author! does nobody know him?"
" Young BILLY PENWAGGLE, and SIMIUS CHATTER,
" Declare 'tis an ill-natur'd half-witted Satire."
" You know I'm engag'd, my dear Creature, with you;
" And Mrs. PAMTICKLE, this Morning at Loo;
" Poor Thing! tho' ſhe hobbled laſt Night to the Ball,
" To-day ſhe's ſo lame that ſhe hardly can crawl;

" Major

" Major LIGNUM has trod on the firſt Joint of her Toe—
" That Thing they play'd laſt was a charming Concerto;
" I don't recollect I have heard it before;
" The Minuet's good, but the Jig I adore;
" Pray ſpeak to Sir TOBY to cry out *Encore*."

Dear Mother, I think this is excellent Fun;
But if all I muſt write, I ſhould never have done,
So myſelf I ſubſcribe your moſt dutiful Son,

BATH, 1766. *S—— B—N—R—D.*

Mr. S—— B—N—R—D, to Lady B—N—R—D, at —— Hall, North.

LETTER XIII.

A PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

Motives for the ſame.—A liſt of the Company.—A tender Scene.—An unfortunate Incident.

WHAT Bleſſings attend, my dear Mother, all thoſe,
Who to Crowds of Admirers their Perſons expoſe!
Do the Gods ſuch a noble Ambition inſpire;
Or Gods do we make of each ardent Deſire?
O generous Paſſion! 'tis yours to afford
The ſplendid Aſſembly, the plentiful Board;
To thee do I owe ſuch a Breakfaſt this Morn,
As I ne'er ſaw before, ſince the Hour I was born;
'Twas You made my Lord RAGGAMUFFENN come here,
Who they ſay has been lately created a Peer;
And To-day with extreme Complaiſance and Reſpect aſk'd
All the People at *Bath* to a general Breakfaſt.

You've heard of my Lady BUNBUTTER, no doubt,
How ſhe loves an *Aſſembly*, *Fandango*, or *Rout*;
No Lady in *London* is half ſo expert
At a ſnug private Party, her Friends to divert;
But they ſay, that of late, ſhe's grown ſick of the Town,
And often to *Bath* condeſcends to come down:
Her Ladyſhip's favourite Houſe is the *Bear*;
Her Chariot, and Servants, and Horſes are there:
My Lady declares that *Retiring* is good;
As all with a ſeparate Maintenance ſhould;
For when you have put out the conjugal Fire,
'Tis Time for all ſenſible Folk to retire;
If HYMEN no longer his Fingers will ſcorch,
Little CUPID for others can whip in his Torch,
So pert is he grown, ſince the Cuſtom began,
To be married and parted as quick as you can.

Now my Lord had the Honour of coming down Poſt,
To pay his Reſpects to ſo famous a Toaſt;
In Hopes He her Ladyſhip's Favour might win,
By playing the Part of a Hoſt at an Inn.

I'm ſure He's a Perſon of great Reſolution,
Tho' delicate Nerves, and a weak Conſtitution;
For he carried us all to a Place croſs the River,
And vow'd that the Rooms were too hot for his Liver:
He ſaid it would greatly our Pleaſure promote,
If we all for *Spring-Gardens* ſet out in a Boat:
I never as yet could his Reaſon explain,
Why we all ſallied forth in the Wind and the Rain?
For ſure ſuch Confuſion was never yet known;
Here a Cap and a Hat, there a Cardinal blown:
While his Lordſhip, embroider'd, and powder'd all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the Ladies a-ſhore:
How the Miſſes did huddle, and ſcuddle, and run;
One would think to be wet muſt be very good Fun;
For by waggling their Tails, they all ſeem'd to take Pains
To moiſten their Pinions like Ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to ſee how, like Birds of a Feather,
The People of Quality flock'd all together;
All preſſing, addreſſing, careſſing, and fond,
Juſt the ſame as thoſe Animals are in a Pond:
You've read all their Names in the News, I ſuppoſe,
But, for fear you have not, take the Liſt as it goes.

There was Lady GRIMSBYWHISTER,
And Madam VAN-TWISTER,
Her Ladyſhip's Siſter.
Lord CRAM, and Lord VULTER,
Sir Brandiſh O'CULTER,
With Marſhal CAROUZER,
And Old Lady MOWZER,
And the great *Hanoverian* Baron PANSMOWZER;
Beſides many others; who all in the Rain went,
On Purpoſe to honour this grand Entertainment:
The Company made a moſt brilliant Appearance,
And ate Bread and Butter with great Perſeverance;
All the Chocolate too, that my Lord ſet before 'em,
The Ladies diſpatch'd with the utmoſt Decorum.
Soft muſical Numbers, were heard all around,
The Horns and the Clarions echoing ſound;
Sweet were the Strains, as od'rous Gales that blow
O'er fragrant Banks, where Pinks and Roſes grow.
The Peer was quite raviſh'd, while cloſe to his Side
Sat Lady BUNBUTTER, in beautiful Pride!
Oft turning his Eyes, he with Rapture ſurvey'd
All the powerful Charms ſhe ſo nobly diſplay'd.

As when at the Feaſt of the great ALEXANDER
TIMOTHEUS, the muſical Son of THERSANDER,
Breath'd heavenly Meaſures;

The Prince was in Pain,
And could not contain,
While THAIS was ſitting beſide him;
But, before all his Peers,
Was for ſhaking the Spheres,
Such Goods the kind Gods did provide Him.

Grew bolder and bolder,
And cock'd up his Shoulder,
Like the Son of great JUPITER AMMON,
Till at length quite oppreſt,
He ſunk on her Breaſt,
And lay there as dead as a Salmon.

O had I a Voice that was ſtronger than Steel,
With twice Fifty Tongues to expreſs what I feel,
And as many good Mouths, yet I never could utter
All the Speeches my Lord made to Lady BUNBUTTER!

So polite all the Time, that he ne'er touch'd a Bit,
While ſhe ate up his Rolls and applauded his Wit.
For they tell me that Men of *true Taſte*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never ſhould eat.
And if that be the Faſhion, I never will give,
Any grand Entertainment as long as I live:
For I'm of Opinion, 'tis proper to chear
The Stomach and Bowels, as well as the Ear.
Nor me did the charming Concerto of ABEL
Regale like the Breakfaſt I ſaw on the Table;
I freely will own I the Muffins preferr'd
To all the genteel Converſation I heard;
E'en tho' I'd the Honour of ſitting between
My Lady STUFF-DAMASK, and PEGGY MOREEN,
Who both flew to *Bath* in the *London* Machine.
Cries PEGGY, "This Place is enchantingly pretty;
"We never can ſee ſuch a Thing in the City:
"You may ſpend all your Life-Time in *Cateaton* Street,
"And never ſo civil a Gentleman meet;
"You may talk what you pleaſe; you may ſearch *London* through;
"You may go to *Carliſle*'s, and to *Almanac*'s too;

"And

" And I'll give you my Head if you find ſuch a Hoſt,
" For Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Butter, and Toaſt:
" How he welcomes at once all the World and his Wife,
" And how civil to Folk he ne'er ſaw in his Life!—"
" Theſe Horns, cries my Lady, ſo tickle one's Ear,
" Lard! what would I give that Sir SIMON was here!
" To the next public Breakfaſt Sir SIMON ſhall go,
" For I find here are Folks one may venture to know:
" Sir SIMON would gladly his Lordſhip attend,
" And my Lord would be pleas'd with ſo chearful a
" Friend."

So when we had waſted more Bread at a Breakfaſt
Than the Poor of our Pariſh have ate for this Week paſt,
I ſaw, all at once, a prodigious great Throng
Come buſtling, and ruſtling, and joſtling along:
For his Lordſhip was pleas'd that the Company now
To my Lady BUNBUTTER ſhould curt'ſey and bow:
And my Lady was pleas'd too, and ſeem'd vaſtly proud
At once to receive all the Thanks of a Crowd;
And when, like *Chaldeans*, we all had ador'd
This beautiful Image ſet up by my Lord,

Some

Some few insignificant Folk went away,
Just to follow th' Employments and Calls of the Day;
But those who knew better their Time how to spend,
The Fiddling and Dancing all chose to attend.
Miss CLUNCH and Sir TONY perform'd a *Cotillon*,
Just the same as our SUSAN and BOB the Postilion;
All the while her Mamma was expressing her Joy,
That her Daughter the Morning so well could employ.

—Now why should the Muse, my dear Mother, relate
The Misfortunes that fall to the Lot of the Great!
As Homeward we came—'tis with Sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful Disaster attended the Peer:
For whether some envious God had decreed
That a *Naiad* should long to ennoble her Breed;
Or whether his Lordship was charm'd to behold
His Face in the Stream, like NARCISSUS of old;
In handing old Lady BUMPIDGET and Daughter,
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the Water;
But a Nymph of the Flood brought him safe to the Boat,
And I left all the Ladies a'cleaning his Coat.——

Thus

Thus the Feaſt was concluded, as far as I hear,
To the great Satisfaction of all that were there.
O may he give Breakfaſts as long as he ſtays,
For I ne'er ate a better in all my born Days.
In Haſte I conclude, &c. &c. &c.

BATH, 1766. S——B——N——R——D.

Miſs PRUDENCE B--R--D, *to Lady* ELIZ. M--D--SS, *at —— Caſtle, North.*

LETTER XIV.

IN WHICH

Miſs PRUDENCE B--N--R--D *informs Lady* BETTY, *that ſhe has been elected to* METHODISM *by a* VISION.

HEARKEN, Lady BETTY, hearken,
To the diſmal News I tell;
How your Friends are all embarking
For the fiery Gulph of Hell.

Brother SIMKIN's grown a Rakehell,
Cards and dances ev'ry Day;
JENNY laughs at Tabernacle,
TABBY RUNT is gone aſtray.

Bleſſed I, tho' once rejected,
Like a little wand'ring Sheep;
Who this Morning was elected
By a Viſion in my Sleep:

For I dream'd an Apparition
Came, like ROGER, from Above;
Saying, by Divine Commiſſion,
I muſt fill you full of Love.

Juſt with ROGER's Head of Hair on,
ROGER's Mouth, and pious Smile;
Sweet, methinks, as Beard of AARON,
Dropping down with holy Oil.

I began to fall a kicking,
Panted, ſtruggled, ſtrove in vain;
When the Spirit whipt ſo quick in,
was cur'd of all my Pain.

Firſt I thought it was the Night-Mare
Lay ſo heavy on my Breaſt;
But I found new Joy and Light there,
When with Heav'nly Love poſſeſt.

Come again, then, Apparition,
Finiſh what thou haſt begun;
ROGER, ſtay, Thou Soul's Phyſician,
I with Thee my Race will run.

Faith her Chariot has appointed,
Now we're ſtretching for the Goal;
All the Wheels with Grace anointed,
Up to Heav'n to drive my Soul.

The Editor, for many Reaſons, begs to be excuſed giving the Public the Sequel of this young Lady's Letter; but if the Reader will pleaſe to look into the Biſhop of *Exeter*'s Book, entitled, *The Enthuſiaſm of Methodiſts and Papiſts compared*, he will find many Inſtances (particularly of young People) who have been elected in the Manner above.

Mr. S—— B—N—R—D, to Lady B—N—R—D, at —— Hall, North.

LETTER XV.

Serious REFLECTIONS *of Mr.* B—N—R—D. *His* BILL *of* EXPENCES.—*The* DISTRESSES *of the* FAMILY. —*A* Farewell *to* BATH.

ALAS, my dear Mother, our Evil and Good
By few is diſtinguiſh'd, by few underſtood!
How oft are we doom'd to repent at the End,
The Events that our pleaſanteſt Proſpects attend!
As SOLON declar'd, in the laſt Scene alone,
All the Joys of our Life, all our Sorrows are known,
When firſt I came hither for Vapours and Wind,
To cure all Diſtempers, and ſtudy Mankind,
How little I dream'd of the Tempeſt behind!
I never once thought what a furious Blaſt,
What Storms of Diſtreſs, would o'erwhelm me at laſt.

How

How wretched am I! what a fine Declamation
Might be made on the Subject of my Situation!
I'm a Fable!—an Inſtance!—and ſerve to diſpenſe
An Example to all Men of Spirit and Senſe;
To all Men of Faſhion, and all Men of Wealth,
Who come to this Place to recover their Health:
For my Means are ſo ſmall, and my Bills are ſo large,
I ne'er can come home till you ſend a Diſcharge.
Let the Muſe ſpeak the Cauſe, if a Muſe yet remain,
To ſupply me with Rhimes, and expreſs all my Pain.

A Paid Bells, and Muſicians,
Drugs, Nurſe, and Phyſicians,
Balls, Raffles, Subſcriptions, and Chairs;
Wigs, Gowns, Skins and Trimming,
Good Books for the Women,
Plays, Concerts, Tea, Negus, and Prayers,
Paid the following Schemes,
Of all who it ſeems
Make Charity Buſineſs their Care:

A Gameſter decay'd,
And a prudiſh old Maid
By Gaiety brought to Deſpair:
A Fidler of Note,
Who, for Lace on his Coat,
To his Taylor was much in Arrears:
An Author of Merit,
Who wrote with ſuch Spirit
The Pillory took off his Ears.

A Sum, my dear Mother, far heavier yet,
Captain CORMORANT won when I learn'd Lanſquenet;
Two Hundred I paid him, and Five am in Debt.
For the Five I had nothing to do but to *write*,
For the Captain was very well bred, and polite,
And took, as he ſaw my Expences were great,
My Bond, to be paid on the *Clodpole* Eſtate;
And aſks nothing more, while the Money is lent,
Than Intereſt paid him at Twenty per Cent.
But I'm ſhock'd to relate what Diſtreſſes befall
Miſs JENNY, my Siſter, and TABBY and all:

Miſs JENNY, poor Thing, from this *Bath* Expedition,
Was in hopes very ſoon to have chang'd her Condition;
But Rumour has brought certain Things to her Ear,
Which I ne'er will believe, yet am ſorry to hear,
" That the Captain, her Lover, her dear ROMEO,
Was baniſhed the Army, a great while ago:
That his Friends and his Foes he alike can betray,
And picks up a ſcandalous Living by Play."
But if e'er I could think that the Captain had cheated,
Or my dear Couſin JENNY unworthily treated,
By all that is ſacred I ſwear, for his Pains
I'd cudgel him firſt, and then blow out his Brains.
For the Man I abhor like the Devil, dear Mother,
Who one Thing conceals, and profeſſes another.

O how ſhall we know the right Way to purſue!—
Do the Ills of Mankind from Religion accrue!—
Religion, deſign'd to relieve all our Care,
Has brought my poor Siſter to Grief and Deſpair:
Now ſhe talks of Damnation, and ſcrews up her Face;
Then prates about ROGER, and ſpiritual Grace:

Her

Her Senſes, alas! ſeem at once gone aſtray——
No Pen can deſcribe it, no Letter convey.

But the *Man without Sin*, that *Moravian* Rabbi,
Has perfectly cur'd the *Chloroſis* of TABBY;
And, if right I can judge, from her Shape and her Face,
She ſoon may produce him an Infant of Grace.

Now they ſay that all People, in our Situation,
Are very fine Subjects for Regeneration;
But I think, my dear Mother, the beſt we can do,
Is to pack up our All, and return back to you.

Farewel then, ye Streams,
Ye poetical Themes!
Sweet Fountains for curing the Spleen!
I'm griev'd to the Heart,
Without Caſh to depart,
And quit this adorable Scene:

Where Gaming and Grace
Each other embrace,
Diſſipation and Piety meet:——
May all, who've a Notion
Of Cards or Devotion,
Make *Bath* their delightful Retreat.

BATH 1766 *S— B—N—R—D.*

Where Gaming and Grace
Each other embrace,
Dissipation and Piety meet;——
May all, who've a Notion
Of Cards or Devotion,
Make Bath their delightful Retreat.

BATH 1766 S—F—V—R—D.

P

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

CONTAINING,

CRITICISMS, *and the* GUIDE's CONVERSATION *with three* LADIES *of* Piety, Learning, *and* Diſcretion.

A Letter to Miſs JENNY W--D--R *at Bath, from Lady* ELIZ. M-D--SS, *her Friend in the Country; a young Lady of neither* Faſhion, Taſte, *nor* Spirit.

The CONVERSATION *continued.* —— *Their* LADYSHIPS Receipt *for a* NOVEL.—*The* GHOST *of Mr.* QUIN.

EPILOGUE;

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

CONTAINING,

Criticisms, and the GUIDE's Conversation with three Ladies of Piety, Learning, and Discretion.

A Dame of Quality, Miss Jenny Wh--a or Lady Vane's Lady Betty M-p-se, her Friend in the Country, Worthy Lady of neither Babylon, Italy, nor Spain.

The Conversation continued, The Three Ladyships Resolution for a Nunnery, the Ghostly Father, &c.

EPILOGUE;

CONTAINING,

CRITICISMS, *and the* GUIDE's CONVERSATION *with three* LADIES *of* Piety, Learning, *and* Diſcretion.

THERE are who complain that my Verſe is ſevere,
And what is much worſe—that my Book is too dear:
The Ladies proteſt that I keep no Decorum.
In ſetting ſuch Patterns of Folly before 'em:
Some cannot conceive what the *Guide* is about,
With Names ſo unmeaning to make ſuch a Rout:
Lady DOROTHY SCRAWL would engage to beſpeak
A Hundred ſuch Things to be made in a Week:
Madam SHUFFLEDUMDOO, more provoking than that,
Has ſold your poor *Guide* for two Fiſh and a Mat;
A ſweet Medium Paper, a Book of fine Size,
And a Print that I hop'd would have ſuited her Eyes.

Another

Another good Lady of delicate Taſte,
Cries, " Fie! Mr. Bookſeller, bring me ſome Paſte;
" I'll cloſe up this Leaf, or my Daughter will ſkim
" The Cream of that vile Methodiſtical Hymn"——
Then ſtuck me down faſt——ſo unfit was my Page
To meet the chaſte Eyes of this virtuous Age!—

GUIDE.] O ſpare me, good Madam! it goes to my Heart,
With my ſweet Methodiſtical Letter to part,
Away with your Paſte! 'tis exceedingly hard,
Thus to torture and cramp an unfortunate Bard:
How my Muſe will be ſhock'd, when ſhe's juſt taking Flight,
To find that her Pinions are faſten'd ſo tight!

Firſt LADY.] Why you know, beyond Reaſon and Decency too,
Beyond all Reſpect to Religion that's due,
Your dirty ſatirical Work you purſue.
I very well know whom you meant to affront
In the Pictures of PRUDENCE, and TABITHA RUNT.—

GUIDE.]

GUIDE.] Indeed, my good Ladies, Religion and Virtue
Are Things that I never deſign'd any Hurt to.
All Poets and Painters, as HORACE agrees,
May copy from Nature what Figures they pleaſe
Nor blame the poor Poet, or Painter, if you
In Verſe or on Canvas your Likeneſs ſhould view.
I hope you don't think I would write a Lampoon?
I'd be hang'd at the Foot of *Parnaſſus* as ſoon——

Second LADY.] Prithee don't talk to me of your
HORACE and FLACCUS,
When you come like an impudent Wretch to attack us!
What's *Parnaſſus* to you? Take away but your Rhimes,
And the Strains of the Bellman are full as ſublime.——

Third LADY.] Doſt think that ſuch Stuff as thou
writ'ſt upon TABBY,
Will procure thee a Buſto in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*?

GUIDE.] 'Tis true, on *Parnaſſus* I never did dream,
Nor e'er did I taſte of ſweet *Helicon*'s Stream:

My

My Share of the Fountain I'll freely reſign
To thoſe who are better belov'd by the Nine;
Give Buſto's to Poets of higher Renown,
I ne'er was ambitious in Marble to frown:
Give Laurels to thoſe, from the God of the Lyre
Who catch the bright Spark of ethereal Fire;
Who, ſkill'd ev'ry Paſſion at Will to impart,
Can play round the Head while they ſteal to the Heart;
Who, taught by APOLLO to guide the bold Steed,
Know when to give Force, when to temper his Speed:
My Nerves all forſake me, my Voice he diſdains,
When he rattles his Pinions, no more hears the Reins,
But thro' the bright Ether ſublimely he goes,
Nor Earth, Air, or Ocean, or Mountains oppoſe.——
For me, 'tis enough that my Toil I purſue,
Like the Bee drinking Sweets that exhale from the Dew;
Content if MELPOMENE joins to my Lay
One tender ſoft Strain of melodious GRAY;
Thrice happy in your Approbation alone,
If the following Ode for my Hymn can atone.

A

LETTER

TO

Miſs JENNY W—D—R, *at* BATH;

From Lady ELIZ. M-D--SS, *her Friend in the* Country;

a young Lady of neither Faſhion, Taſte, nor Spirit.

OFT' I've invok'd th' Aönian Quire,
And PHOEBUS oft' in vain,
Like thee, my Friend, to tune my Lyre,
Like thee to raiſe my Strain:

And when, of late, I ſought their Aid
The flow'ry Bank beſide,
Methought, along the ſilent Glade
I heard a Voice, that cry'd,

" Miſtaken Maid! why idly waſte
Your Hours in fruitleſs Toil?
You ne'er the hallow'd Brook can taſte,
Or tread poetic Soil.

For ſince your Friend purſues the Path
Where Wit and Pleaſure reigns,
With her has fled each Muſe to *Bath*,
From theſe neglected Plains.

There many a Bard's inſpir'd with Song,
With Epigram, and Ode;
And *One*, the meaneſt of the Throng,
Takes Satire's thorny Road.

For Him *Bath*'s injur'd Genius now
The Hemlock Juice prepares,
And Deadly-Nightſhade o'er his Brow
For Laurel Wreaths he wears.

Him,

Him, like the *Thracian* Bard, ſhall curſe
Each Nymph, each angry Dame;
Tho' far inferior be his Verſe,
His hapleſs Fate the ſame.

Torn be the Wretch, whoſe impious Strains
Profan'd their Beauty's Pride,
No Muſe to gather his Remains
That flow down *Avon*'s Tide;

But Him ſhall many a Drone purſue
That hums around the Stream;
Him frantic Prieſts, an inſect Crew,
That taint LIGHT's heav'nly Beam.

Then, leſt his Deſtiny you ſhare,
Raſh Nymph, thy Strains give o'er!
Be warn'd by me; of Rhime beware!——"
—The Voice was heard no more.

Yet tho' I ceaſe my artleſs Lay,
Nor longer court the Nine,
This faithful Tribute will I pay
At Friendſhip's ſacred Shrine.

Here will I offer Incenſe ſweet,
Here light the hallow'd Fires;
And oh! with kind Acceptance meet
What true Regard inſpires.

Nor let my friendly Verſe offend
† That poor deluded Maid,
Whoſe *Faith* I ne'er can comprehend,
Or *Grace* in Dreams convey'd.

May no ſuch *Grace* my Thoughts employ,
Nor I with Envy view
Thoſe Scenes of diſſipated Joy,
So well deſcribed by You.

† Miſs PRUDENCE BL—ND—RH—D.

Think

Think not a Parent's harſh Decrees
From me thoſe Scenes withhold;
His ſoft Requeſt can ne'er diſpleaſe,
Who ne'er my Joys control'd.

But pining Years oppreſt with Grief
My tender Care demand;
The Bed of Sickneſs aſks Relief
From my ſupporting Hand.

Well do I know how Sorrow preys,
E'er ſince the Hour that gave
The Partner of his happier Days
To ſeek the ſilent Grave.

In that ſad Hour, my Lips ſhe preſt,
Bedew'd with many a Tear;
And "Take, ſhe cry'd, this laſt Bequeſt,
"A dying Mother's Pray'r.

"O

" O let the Maxims I convey
" Sink deep into thy Breaſt:
" When I no more direct thy Way,
" Retir'd to endleſs Reſt,

" Look on thy aged Father's Woe!
" 'Tis thine to ſooth his Pain;
" With GRACE like This, Religion ſhew,
" And thus her Cauſe maintain.

" Nor is't enough that GRACE diſplays,
" Or FAITH her Light divine;
" In all thy Works, in all thy Ways,
" Let Heav'nly VIRTUE ſhine:

" O! may the Fountain of all Truth
" Each PERFECT GIFT impart,
" With Innocence protect thy Youth,
" With HOPE ſupport thy Heart.

" So

" So may'ſt thou learn Thyſelf to know,
" Of all Extremes beware,
" Nor find in Age thy Cup o'erflow
" With Shame, Remorſe, and Care:

" Then ſhall no Madmen LIGHT reveal,
" No Viſionary Prieſt,
" With Falſhood, Ignorance, and Zeal,
" Torment thy peaceful Breaſt:

" Then ſhall no Fears thy Soul diſtreſs,
" RELIGION's Doubts ſhall ceaſe,
" Her Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs,
" And all her Paths are Peace."——

Such were the Truths ere loſt in Death
Her parting Voice convey'd;
Such may I keep till lateſt Breath,
Thou dear lamented Shade!——

What tho' no Muſe will deign, my Friend,
My homely Joys to tell;
Tho' FASHION ne'er will condeſcend
To ſeek this humble Cell;

Yet Freedom, Peace, and Mind ſerene,
Which modiſh Life diſdains,
(Perpetual Sweets!) enrich the Scene
Where conſcious Virtue reigns:

Bleſt Scenes! ſuch unrepented Joys,
Such true Delights ye give,
Remote from Faſhion, Vice, and Noiſe,
Contented let me live.

ELIZ. MODELESS.

The CONVERSATION *continued*——*The* LADIES' Receipt *for a* NOVEL.——*The* GHOST *of Mr.* QUIN.

GUIDE.] NOW I hope that this Letter from young Lady BETTY,
Will be reckon'd exceedingly decent and pretty;
That you, my good Ladies, who ne'er could endure
A Hymn ſo *ineffably vile and impure*,
My indelicate Muſe will no longer *bewail*,
Since a ſweet little Moral is pinn'd to her Tail:
If not, as ſo kindly I'm tutor'd by you,
Pray tell a poor Poet what's proper to do.

Firſt LADY.] Why if thou muſt write, thou had'ſt better compoſe
Some *Novels*, or elegant Letters in Proſe.
Take a Subject that's grave, with a Moral that's good,
Throw in all the Temptations that Virtue withſtood

In Epiſtles, like PAMELA's, chaſte and devout—
A Book that *my Family's never without.*—

Second LADY.] O! pray let your Hero be handſome and young,
Taſte, Wit, and fine Sentiment, flow from his Tongue,
His delicate Feelings be ſure to improve
With Paſſion, with tender ſoft Rapture and Love.

Third LADY.] Add ſome Incidents too which I like above Meaſure,
Such as thoſe *which I've heard* are eſteem'd as a Treaſure
In a Book that's entitl'd—*The Woman of Pleaſure.*
Mix well, and you'll find 'twill a *Novel* produce
Fit for modeſt young Ladies—ſo keep it for uſe.

GUIDE.] Damnation—*(aſide)*. Well, Ladies, I'll do what I can
And ye'll bind it, I hope, with your *Duty of Man.*

Guide mutters.] *Take a Subject that's grave, with a Moral that's good!*
Thus muſing, I wander'd in ſplenetic mood
Where the languid old CAM rolls his willowy flood.

When lo! beneath the Poplar's glimm'ring ſhade
Along the Stream where trembling Oziers play'd,
What time the Bat low flitting ſkims the Ground,
When Beetles buz, when Gnats are felt around,
And hoarſer Frogs their amorous Deſcant ſound.
Sweet Scenes! that heav'nly Contemplation give
And oft in muſical Deſcription live!
When now the Moon's refulgent Rays begin
O'er twilight Groves to ſpread their Mantle thin,
Sudden aroſe the awful Form of QUIN.
A Form that bigger than the Life appear'd,
And Head like *Patagonian Hero* rear'd;
Aghaſt I ſtood!—when lo! with mild Command,
And Looks of Courteſy, He wav'd his Hand;
Me to th'embow'ring Groves dark Path convey'd,
And thus began the venerable Shade.
" Forth from ELYSIUM's bleſt Abodes I come,
" Regions of Joy, where Fate has fix'd my Doom:
" Look on my Face—I well remember thine;
" Thou knew'ſt me too, when er'ſt in Life's Decline
" At BATH I dwelt—there late repos'd mine Age,
" And unrepining left this mortal Stage:

" Yet do thoſe Scenes, once conſcious of Delight,
" Rejoice my ſocial Ghoſt! there oft' by Night
" I hold my Way:
" And from the Mullet, and the ſavoury Jole,
" Catch fragrant Fumes, that ſtill regale my Soul!
" Sweet *Bath*, which thou theſe dreary Banks along
" Oft mak'ſt the Subject of thy wayward Song.——

GUIDE.] ſpare me, bleſt Spirit——

GHOST.] Quit thy vain Fears; I come not to accuſe
The motley Labours of thy mirthful Muſe;
For well I ween, if rightly underſtood,
Thy Themes are pleaſant, and thy Moral good.
Oft have I read the Laughter-moving Phraſe
And ſplayfoot Meaſures of thy SIMKIN's Lays,
Nor ought *indecent* or *obſcene* I find
That Virtue wounds, or taints the Virgin's Mind:
Beware of that—O! why ſhould I deſcribe
What Ills await the caitiff *Scribling Tribe*?
Firſt ſee that Mob who *Novels lewd* diſpenſe,
The Bane of Virtue, Modeſty, and Senſe:

Next that infernal Crew, Detractors baſe,
Who pen *Lampoons*; true Satire's foul Diſgrace;
Nor leſs the Puniſhment in Realms below
For thoſe, who *Praiſe unmerited* beſtow,
Thoſe Pimps in Science, who, with Dulneſs bold,
The ſacred Muſes proſtitute for Gold:
Thoſe too whom Zeal to pious Wrath inclines,
Pedantic, proud, polemical Divines:
Bad Critics laſt, whom RHADAMANTH ſevere
Chaſtiſes firſt, then condeſcends to hear:
All, all in fiery PHLEGETHON muſt ſtay,
'Till Gall, and Ink, and Dirt, of ſcribling Day,
In purifying Flames are purged away.——

GUIDE.] O truſt me, bleſt Spirit, I ne'er would offend
One innocent Virgin, one virtuous Friend;
From Nature alone are my Characters drawn,
From *little* BOB JEROM to Biſhops in Lawn:
Sir BOREAS BLUBBER, and ſuch ſtupid Faces,
Are at *London*, at *Bath*, and at all public Places;
And if to *Newmarket* I chance to repair,
'Tis Odds but I ſee CAPTAIN CORMORANT there:

But

But He who his Cash on Phyſicians beſtows,
Meets a *ſight little Dealer* wherever he goes.

GHOST.] 'Tis true, ſuch Inſects as thy Tale has ſhewn
Breathe not the Atmoſphere of *Bath* alone,
Tho' there, in Gaiety's meridian Ray
Do Fools, like Flies, their gaudy Wings diſplay;
Awhile they flutter, but, their Sunſhine paſt,
Their Fate, like SIMKIN, they lament at laſt.
Worſe Ills ſucceed; oft Superſtition's Gloom
Sheds baneful Influence o'er their youthful Bloom——
Such Heav'n avert from fair BRITANNIA's Plains,
To Realms where Bigotry and Slavery reigns!
No more of that.—But ſay, thou timorous Bard,
Claim not the WINES of *Bath* thy juſt Regard?
Where oft, I ween, the Brewer's Cauldron flows
With Elder's mawkiſh Juice, and puckering Sloes,
Cyder and hot Geneva they combine,
Then call the fatal Compoſition, WINE.
By CERBERUS I ſwear, not thoſe vile Crews
Who vend their poiſ'nous Med'cines by the News,

For

For means of Death, Air, Earth, and Seas explore,
Have ſent ſuch Numbers to the Stygian ſhore;
Shun thou ſuch baſe Potations; oft' I've thought
My Span was ſhortned by the noxious Draught——
But ſoft, my Friend—is this the Soil, the Clime,
That teaches GRANTA's tuneful Sons to rhime?
On me unſavoury Vapours ſeem to fix
Worſe than COCYTUS or the Pools of STYX;
Inſpir'd by Fogs of this ſlow-winding CAM,
O ſay, does —— preſume thy ſtrains to damn?
Heed not that Miſcreant's Tongue: purſue thy Ways,
Regardleſs of his Cenſure, and his Praiſe——

GUIDE.] But if any old Lady, Knight, Prieſt or Phyſician,
Should condemn me for printing a ſecond Edition,
If good Madam SQUINTUM, my Work ſhould abuſe,
May I venture to give Her a Smack of my Muſe?

GHOST.] By all manner of Means: (if thou find'ſt that the caſe)
Tho' ſhe cant, whine, and pray, never mind her Grimace,
Take the maſk from her d-mn'd hypocritical Face——

GUIDE.

GUIDE.] Come on then, ye Muſes, I'll laugh down my Day,
In Spight of them all will I carol my Lay;
But periſh my Voice, and untun'd be my Lyre,
If my Verſe one indelicate Thought ſhall inſpire:
Ye Angels! who watch o'er the ſlumbering Fair,
Protect their ſweet Dreams, make their Virtue your Care!
Bear witneſs yon Moon, the chaſte Empreſs of Night!
Yon Stars that diffuſe the pure heavenly Light!
How oft' have I mourn'd that ſuch Blame ſhould accrue
From one wicked Letter of pious Miſs PRUE!
May this lazy Stream, who to GRANTA beſtows
Philoſophical Slumbers, and learned Repoſe;
To GRANTA, ſweet GRANTA, (where ſtudious of Eaſe
Seven years did I ſleep, and then loſt my Degrees †)
May this drowzy Current (as oft' He is wont)
O'erflow all my Hay, may my Dogs never hunt,
May thoſe Ills to torment me, thoſe Curſes conſpire
Which ſo oft' plague and cruſh an unfortunate Squire,

† Vide Univerſity Regiſter, Proctors Books, &c.

Some

Some May'r to cajole me, ſome Lawyer to chowſe,
For a Seven Months Seat in the Parliament Houſe,
There to finiſh my Nap, for the Good of the Nation,
'Wake—frank—and be thank'd—by the whole Corporation:
Then a poor Tenant come, when my Caſh is all ſpent,
With a Bag full of *Tax-Bills* to pay me his Rent;
And O! may ſome Dæmon, thoſe Plagues to complete,
Give me *Taſte* to *improve* an old Family Seat
By *Lawning* a hundred good Acres of Wheat;
Such Ills be my Portion, and others much worſe,
If Slander or Calumny poiſon my Verſe,
If ever my well-behav'd Muſe ſhall appear
Indecently droll, unpolitely ſevere.

Good Ladies, uncenſur'd *Bath*'s Pleaſures purſue,
May the Springs of old BLADUD your Graces renew;
I never ſhall mingle with Gall the pure Stream,
But make your Examples and Virtue my Theme:
Nor fear, ye ſweet Virgins, that aught I ſhall ſpeak
To call the chaſte Bluſh o'er your innocent Cheek;

O! frown not, if haply your Poet once more
Should ſeek the delightful *Avonian* Shore,
Where oft He the Winter's dull Seaſon beguiles,
Drinks Health, Life, and Joy, from your heavenly Smiles.

To the GHOST.

For thee, who, to viſit theſe Regions of Spleen,
Deign'ſt to quit the ſweet Vales of perpetual Green,
Forſake, happy Shade, this *Bœotian* Air,
Fly hence, to Elyſium's pure Ether repair,
ROWE, DRYDEN and OTWAY—thy SHAKESPEARE is there;
There THOMSON, poor THOMSON, ingenuous Bard,
Shall equal thy Friendſhip, thy Kindneſs reward,
Thy Praiſe in mellifluous Numbers prolong,
Who cheriſh'd his Muſe and gave Life to his Song.
And O may thy Genius, bleſt Spirit, impart
To me the ſame Virtues that glow'd in thy Heart,
To me, with thy Talents convivial, give
The Art to enjoy the ſhort Time I ſhall live;

Give manly, give rational Mirth to my Soul,
O'er the ſocial ſweet Joys of the full-flowing Bowl;
So ne'er may vile Scriblers thy Memory ſtain,
Thy forcible Wit may no Blockheads profane,
Thy Faults be forgotten, thy Virtues remain.
Farewell! may the Turf where thy cold Reliques reſt,
Bear Herbs, odoriferous Herbs o'er thy Breaſt,
Their Heads *Thyme*, and *Sage*, and *Pot-marjoram* wave,
And fat be the Gander that feeds on thy Grave.

F I N I S.

Give manly, give rational Pleasure to my Soul,
O'er the local Sweet Joys of the full-flowing Bowl;
So that may vile Scribles thy Memory stain,
Thy forcible Wit may no Blockheads explain,
Thy Faults be forgotten, thy Virtues remain.
Farewell! may the Turf where thy cold Relique rest,
Bear Herbs, odoriferous Herbs to my Breast,
Their Heads [illegible] Pot-marjoram wave,
And fair be the [illegible] thy Grave.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

FINIS.